

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY SONG-BOOK AND NEWS-PAPER



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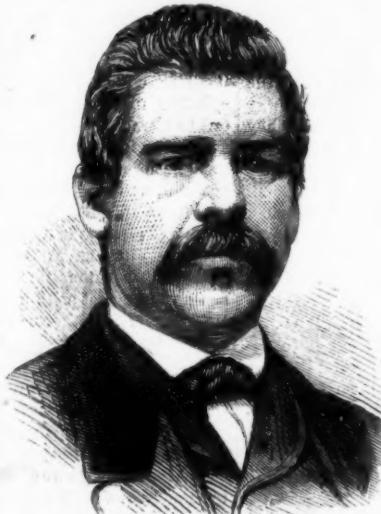
MR. O'NEILL, THE ENGINEER, JUMPS OVERBOARD WITH ONE OF THE LADY PASSENGERS IN HIS ARMS.

Burning of the Ferry-Boat Idaho.

A DISASTER which has been long predicted by those acquainted with the way in which our ferries are managed has just occurred. The illustrations which accompany this will give our readers some idea of the awful scene which was presented on Monday evening, the 26th of November, by the burning of the ferry-boat Idaho while crossing from Brooklyn to New York. The excitement which prevailed on both shores while the boat was seen to be on fire, and no one knew how many lives were in peril, or what means those unfortunate persons on board had for escaping, was terrible to witness. Providentially no lives were lost, but every one shudders to think what would have happened, if, instead of only thirty or forty people on board, when the fire

broke out, there had been, as is not unusual, between six and eight hundred which number, it may be observed, there would certainly have been when the boat was returning on the same trip from the New York side. It is safe to say that in the horrid confusion that would have arisen, very few could have escaped a miserable death. We may thank God that we have been spared such a catastrophe.

But while a full sense of the relief every one must feel is still fresh upon us, it is proper that some effectual means should be devised, not alone to prevent the recurrence of such a disaster, but of escape from it, should

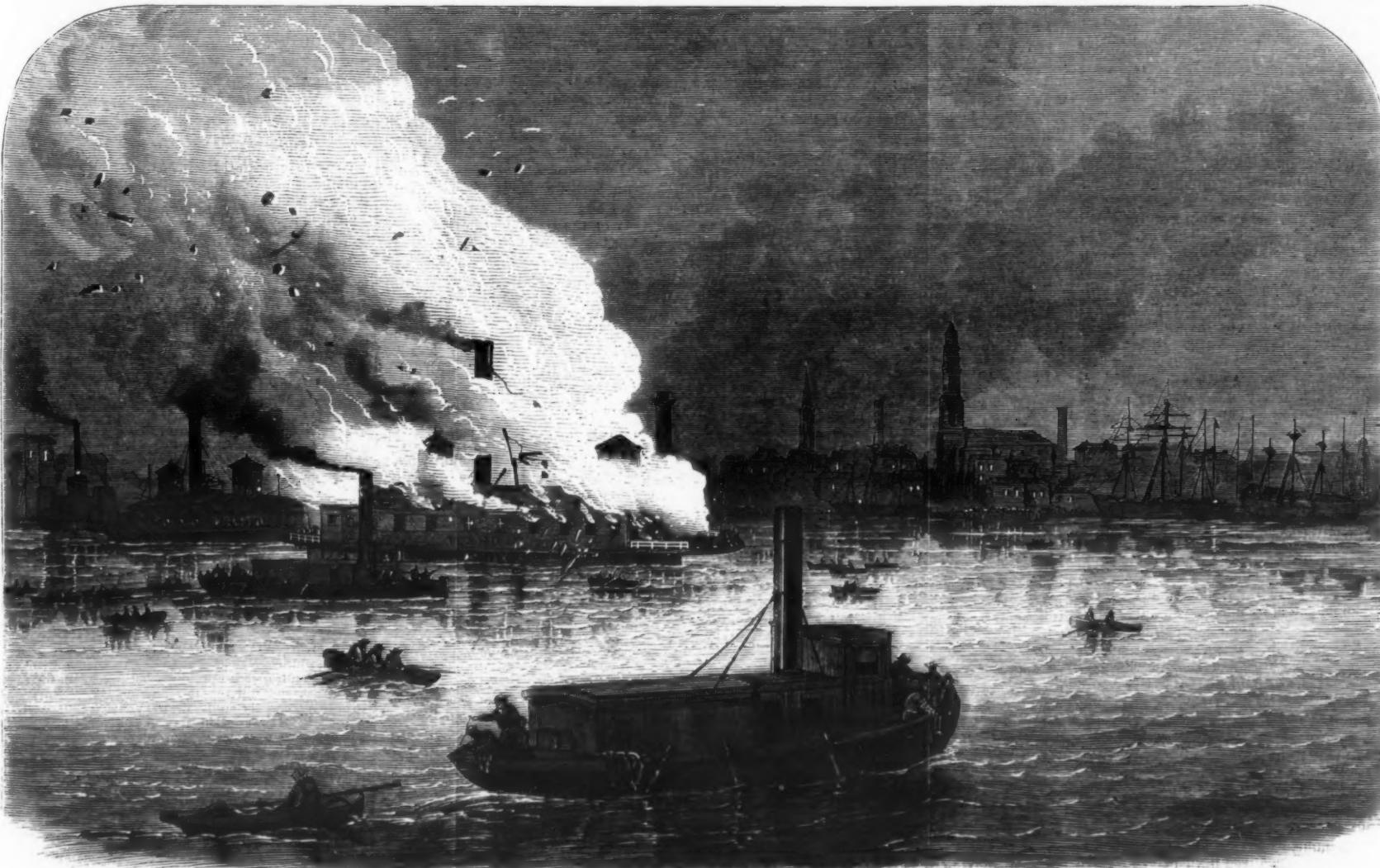


MR. JAMES O'NEIL, ENGINEER OF THE IDAHO.



THE RESCUE OF THE ENGINEER AND PASSENGERS FROM A WATERY GRAVE, BY A YAWL BOAT.

it, in spite of all precautions, happen. We are not disposed to blame severely, as many have done, the ferry companies, for neglect of the means of saving life in case of accidents. The law on the subject has distinctly specified the number and kinds of apparatus that each boat must be furnished with, and we have reason to believe that the Idaho was fully provided, as all the other boats of the company are, with all it was legally obliged to carry. Every boat has twenty buckets, five axes, seventy-five life-preservers, one metallic life-boat, and two or more life-buoys. These are always kept on the upper deck, for experience has shown that if placed where the public has unrestricted access to them, malicious persons will injure them or take them away. It may surprise many people



THE BURNING OF THE FERRY-BOAT IDAHO, ON MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 26TH, IN THE EAST RIVER, N. Y., OPPOSITE WILLIAMSBURGH, LONG ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 200.

who are in the habit of crossing in these boats to hear that these appliances for safety are on board, as they never see them. They are there, nevertheless; but this brings us to a point wherein we think the company is to blame. If it be necessary, we ask, for the safe keeping of those articles, to place them on the upper deck, in a place inaccessible to the public except by a narrow staircase, the door to which is generally kept locked, of what use can they be in an emergency? You might just as well have no life-boat as keep it in a position from which it cannot be launched. Your life-belts might as well be left on shore, as hid away in boxes which the passengers know nothing of, and could not seize quickly if they did know. The company may have observed the letter of the law in keeping certain implements on board, but they break the spirit of it by placing these implements where they are of no practical use.

Decorations and paintings are very nice things to look at. They please the eye of the careless passenger; but infinitely more gratifying would it be to people of experience to see festoons of life-preservers hanging round the spacious cabins, high enough to be out of the reach of the mischievous, but within the grasp of energetic men who could climb up to snatch them. It may be said that in case of a panic in a crowded boat no number of floats could save all; but that is no reason why the means of saving large multitudes should not be instantly available. We acknowledge the difficulty that exists in keeping small-boats where they can be quickly launched, and from the tendency there always is to overcrowd and capsize them, we would place less reliance on such means of escape than on the others we have pointed out. The company may rely upon it that the recent warning will not be lost on the public, and some better means of saving life than the inefficient ones now in use, are imperatively demanded and must be carried out.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

NOTICE.

MANUSCRIPTS must in all cases be accompanied with the real name and address of the authors, and with stamps for their return, if unacceptable. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost. All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

The Latest Aspect of the Mexican Question.

THE Franco-Mexican question has entered on a new and interesting phase. By the arrangement or understanding of April last, the French Emperor was to withdraw his troops in three installments, the first detachment to leave Mexico in November, the next this coming spring, etc. But November has come and gone, and as yet no part of the arrangement has been carried out. This failure or delay, it is said, led, toward the close of the month, to expostulations on the part of the American Government. It is certain the cable was freighted with the longest message ever sent over it, to our Minister in Paris, presumably in relation to this very matter. A not unnatural uneasiness began to prevail, and our relations with France might soon have been pronounced "unpleasant," if we had not been assured by the announcement, apparently semi-official, that the Emperor, in not carrying out the first part of the arrangement, did not mean to break it substantially, but to modify it, so as to take away all of his troops at once, instead of by installments, and that they would all be withdrawn with the least possible delay. The reason assigned for this change of programme is the increasing boldness and strength of the Liberals, which renders it unsafe to reduce the French force lest the last detachment might be overwhelmed by superior numbers before being able to get aboard its transports. There is plausibility in this explanation, certainly, for the process of retreating from a country in the face of an enemy is by no means easy; and, on every account it is undoubtedly better that the evacuation should be made at a fixed time and completely. We presume the most ardent friends of Mexico would be better satisfied to have the French leave *en bloc* in March or April than to have them lingering, in greater or less numbers, for the whole year.

It seems a little strange, however, if there ever was an "arrangement" between the French Emperor and the United States, in this matter of the evacuation, that the latter was not advised of the important change in the programme by the former. Strange that no explanation was given until expostulations were made, and stranger still the explanation that was finally given, that the telegraphic dispatches sent from the Tuilleries to Mexico,

advising the change, were sent openly and not in cipher, and that the Emperor supposed the United States Government knew all about it!

This is in keeping with the whole tone and tenor of the French correspondence with Mr. Seward. When the latter was "representing" and "representing" to M. Drouyn de Lhuys about Mexico, the latter invariably told him, in effect if not in words, to "mind his business," and that France would admit of no interference on his part in the Mexican affair. And when, in the end, Louis Napoleon resolved to give up his crusade in behalf of Latinity, it was announced that he did so of his own free will and for his own reasons, and that Mr. Seward must understand that the result was in no way due to him or his "representations." The same spirit and temper still characterize the Emperor's policy, conduct, and language. If Mr. Seward wants to know what new arrangements or changes of plans it may suit him to make, he may go round to the office of the Atlantic Telegraph and bribe the operator to find out! That is, if the Emperor had just as lief he would know as not; otherwise he will send his dispatches in cipher.

The Emperor was never as insolent and contemptuous to the pettiest of European princes as he has been to our Secretary of State, from the very beginning of this Mexican matter. Fortunately, the American people are aware that his conduct is more the result of his personal appreciation of the head of the Foreign Department than of any lack of respect for them. Our children will have some amusement, perhaps also experience some mortification, in reading in the posthumous works of the Emperor, his criticisms on contemporaneous statesmanship!

The advices from Mexico indicate that the French Emperor really proposes to take away his troops, when they do go, in a body. They are rapidly concentrating toward Vera Cruz, and now hold only that port, Puebla, Orizaba and the Capital. The baggage of Maximilian is in Vera Cruz, and he is himself in Orizaba, "as a private gentleman not exercising any of the functions of office." It would appear that he is as nearly a State Prisoner as a man can be, without being literally locked up. He no doubt sought to escape from the country without abdicating, and leave the French to get away as they might be able; but Marshal Bazaine will not suffer himself to be put in so ridiculous a position, and will hold on to the fugitive until it suits the interests of his master to have a formal abdication of the crowned puppet. That event will occur as soon as the plans for embarkation are perfected.

But what will become of the French debt? And how is the convention of July, which passes over the revenues of the ports to French agents, who are to be "protected by the flag of France"—how is that to be carried out?

In fact, as we had occasion to remark last week, the French are trying to perform the difficult feat of marching through the little end of the horn with flying colors. Their success thus far has not been encouraging, and the result will not justify a repetition of the attempt. When this Mexican business is fairly got through with, we may rest certain that there will be no more attempts at the "regeneration" of distant nations, on the part of France at least, for some decades to come.

A Yankee Colony in Palestine.

WHOMEVER has stood on the edge of a very rapid stream and carefully observed its eddies, cannot fail to have noticed that a back current is always flowing by the side of the main rush of water, but in an opposite direction. A familiar instance will occur to all who have visited Niagara and crossed the river by the small boat below the falls. It is only by availing themselves of the back flow, which is found on the edges of the chief stream of the mighty torrent, which starts from the foot of the falls, that the boatmen can cross in safety. The explanation of this phenomenon can be found in a well-known law of hydrostatics. It is not so easy, however, to solve a social phenomenon, which presents similar features of current and counter-current. The great set of emigration for many years past has been Westward. Now we see on the edge, as it were, of this great tide, eddies running toward the East; and in whatever way we regard it, whether as a matter of religious enthusiasm, a deliberately planned scheme of money-making, or a mission for the conversion of the infidel, the settling of a colony from our Northern States in Palestine presents some curious features, quite redeeming it from the derision with which it has been generally greeted.

The first notice the public had of this movement was that such an enterprise was contemplated. Then, that a ship-load of emigrants to the Holy Land had sailed; and, finally, that they had arrived in safety, landed, and were preparing to go into the interior. We have seen no authoritative statement of the ends proposed by the leaders of this enterprise, or the means they had for carrying them into

effect. All has been done without parade or ostentation, and with the quiet confidence with which the Yankee sets about all his undertakings, and which is of itself the surest guarantee of success.

The mind of every one is naturally carried back to an analogous incident in our national history, and some events in this modern adventure are said to have found their antitypes in the fortunes of the Mayflower. We need not, however, suggest the contrasts of these two expeditions which will be sufficiently obvious to the most unreflecting. The case is not one of parallelism, but of contrasts of the broadest kind, except perhaps in the enthusiasm in which they had a common origin. But the enthusiasm, though perhaps the same in degree, differed materially in its source and object—that of the one carried it from a civilized home to bleak and inhospitable shores, whose only charm was the freedom with which it could there enjoy its own ideas of religious toleration; the other cannot plead as an excuse for its expatriation that the utmost verge of social and religious liberty was not within its reach at home. It is not driven hence, but attracted by an irresistible fascination elsewhere.

The story of the Holy Land possesses an interest for our people almost indescribable. Perhaps in this, as in other matters, distance may have added a charm which a closer inspection would dispel. But away from the turmoil of our busy cities, we have all known men whose highest hope was to be able one day to follow the traces of the footsteps of their Divine Master in the land which He has hallowed by His presence, and we may presume it was the outburst of some such feeling, kindling suddenly into flame, that impelled this Maine Colony to their strange crusade. Speculation might lose itself in conjectures as to what promises of spiritual or earthly blessings had been held out to attract them to this new Canaan. Not surely the fertility of its soil, for within their own national domain there are climates as grateful, and harvests as plentiful as any they can hope to enjoy there. Not the desire to develop in quietude any new social theory, for in the land they have deserted, Shakers, Communists and Mormons flourish undisturbed, and can any new sect ask for greater latitude than these have? Neither can the desire of making money be their motive, for the slightest information as to their adopted country would have shown them that their chief protection from the extortions of the local authorities would be the knowledge that their community was not worth plundering.

After all, though we cannot pretend to fathom the motives of this very queer expedition (unless they are found in pure religious enthusiasm) we can see many ways in which it may do a great deal of good. The efforts of all missionary teachers have effected little against the bigotry of the native Syrian Christians or the fanaticism of the Mohammedans. Perhaps a near view of Yankee thrift and industry may have greater influence in the native minds than the pious exhortations of Anglican bishops or the zeal of proselytizing travelers. Pumpkin-pie and apple-sass may seem poor pioneers of a purer faith as compared with the costly and complicated appliances of schools and tracts; but, as they typify what is practical, energetic and of daily use, there can be little doubt they will gain more converts and make a deeper impression on the minds of the Syrians than their more ambitious, but less hard-working rivals.

We cannot take the same view that some do as to the dangers those colonists will meet with, either from the thieving propensities of the native population or the ill will of the pasha of the district they may settle in. They will probably find no greater annoyances than the revolts of being Nazarines or canine descendants; and they may have wisely resolved to endure with resignation the smaller entomological persecutions. The Arab mind is exceedingly tolerant of eccentricities; and if the belief once gain ground that these Yankee colonists are crazy, they will be sure to find friendly help on all sides. It may not be very flattering to our pride to know that our fellow-countrymen owe their success to such a delusion of their new associates; but are we quite sure that we can ourselves define the exact line which separates intense religious enthusiasm from permanent mental disorder?

Do not come to the city! Such is the advice which the united press of the country should give to young men, middle-aged men and old men. Keep away from New York. Here every avenue of legitimate occupation is overcrowded. Here everything is dear—lodging, clothing, food! Keep away! Do anything, live on anything, but do not come to New York to swell the tide of pauperism and suffering. The Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry writes:

"Men from the country, and even from distant cities and towns, are flocking here in considerable numbers for work. Every day men come to us foot-sore, destitute and hungry, having searched the city over for work without success. Will you let me say—as a friend of worker among the poor—to those who are unemployed anywhere, do not come to New York! There are thousands of men and women here out of employment, many of them in a suffering condition. There are scarcely any branches of work that have not an over-

stock of workmen, and hundreds of men could be hired for little more than their board. Let unemployed men go anywhere in the country and work for their board rather than come to New York. Editors everywhere would be doing a real kindness to state the fact that this city is no place now to look for work. Unless we misunderstand the indications, this is to be a hard winter for the poor here."

THESE are a few more members of the next Congress to be elected, but their political complexion can be anticipated with certainty. In the Senate 25 States are now represented by 38 Unionists and 11 Democrats. According to the party division that existed before the war, the House of Representatives now stands 140 Unionists to 41 Democrats; but on the great question of at once admitting the Representatives of the Southern States, or keeping them out, or most of them, for a longer period in probation, it is not probable that the same proportions will be preserved. Should all the Southern States now without representation, whose Senators and Representatives are yet to be elected, choose Democrats, and should they all be admitted, the Senate would then contain 47 Unionists and 27 Democrats; and the House of Representatives would contain 150 Unionists to 92 Democrats.

AMONG the things convulsing our uncles in England just now, is a Ritualistic controversy—something like that which sent them all mad, a few years ago, about marrying one's (defunct) wife's sister. It seems that there are a number of clergymen, who, unfortunately, were not born several hundred years ago, and who dress themselves up in medieval toggery when they perform—we mean officiate—in church, and who turn their faces this way and then that, and bow in one direction and then in another, and who affect to believe that all this has something to do with the salvation of souls and is specially acceptable to the Almighty! And so it came to pass that on last Guy Fawkes' Day in London the most popular "guys" were those representing the Ritualistic clergymen. The people who have got souls to be saved and sense enough to make their souls worth saving, will "have their fun" out of the "guys" in the street, and keep severely out of the way of those in the churches.

In Paris a shopkeeper convicted of selling adulterated articles is sentenced not only to a fine, but also to post up in a part of his shop, where it can be read by all who enter it, an official record of his conviction, of the date at which it took place, of the particulars of the offense, and of the penalty imposed—i.e., both the amount of the fine and the number of months during which he is required to post this notice. No evasion is allowed. The report is full and officially drawn up and signed. It is perfectly legible and nailed up in the most conspicuous part of the shop, say for six or twelve months. The police are charged to see that it is not removed or covered.

THE following letter from the Secretary of the Treasury bears upon an important point in connection with our national securities:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, October 18, 1866.
"DEAR SIR.—Accept my thanks for your interesting favor of the 19th ult.

"The Circular was calculated to do us harm, but I trust the holders of our securities in Germany have too much confidence in the good faith of the Government to be affected by circulars of any kind.

"The policy of the Government in regard to its bonds is well understood in this country; and there ought not to be any mistake about it on the other side. The principal of all our bonds, the interest of which is payable in coin, will be paid in coin. Our interest-bearing notes are payable in currency.

"I am, very truly yours,
"H. McCULLOCH, Secretary.
"Wm. W. Murray, Consul-General,
"Frankfort-on-the-Main."

THE Newbern (N. C.) *Daily Times* concludes as follows:

"The most sensible thing the South can do is just to acknowledge in good faith that we are beaten all over, and just quietly surrender the political control of the country to the conquering party."

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE danger we all run of life, limb, or property—indeed of all three—in our daily avocations is probably to make itself *pronounced* in the public mind. It was by a mere chance—if there be such a thing—that the burning of the Idaho did not result in the wholesale destruction of human life, instead of merely scaring thirty passengers and ducking four others, two of whom were deck hands. For the mere facts of this casualty we refer to another part of our paper, where the heroism of the engineer and the fortunate escape of the others are appropriately illustrated from Mr. O'Neill's description. He has seen the sketches and pronounces them perfectly correct. This, however, reminds us that, had the accident occurred an hour later or an hour earlier, several hundred persons would have perished; and if the boat had been freighted from New York to Williamsburgh, instead of from Williamsburgh to New York, the loss of life would have been appalling. In fact, to speak with the cold-bloodedness of experience, no cure will be attempted until the public mind is sufficiently madened by some frightful catastrophe to demand a reform.

We have received a letter from a lady on another crying evil, which every one sees and every one laments when their attention is called to it, but which remains unchecked, and will remain so, until another Bergh shall arise who will consider the poor, outcast children, whose home is the street by day and the foul cellar by night, entitled to as much consideration as the manacled salves, the over-driven horses and the ferocious bulldogs. In saying this, we mean no disparagement to that estimable humanitarian who has already done so much to earn the gratitude of the mute creation. Our wish is merely to call the attention of some kindred spirit to the poor street children, who, as the inclement weather sets in, are exposed in the public thoroughfares to arouse the sympathies of the passengers. This is nothing but slow murder, for it is physically certain that such merciless exposures as they are subjected to must result in lingering suffering and death, which places the ancient Herod in a very favorable light when compared with modern society. We should never lose sight of the

will effect these spectacles of mute suffering have upon the public morality. It is utterly impossible to have these things constantly before one's eyes without losing that susceptibility to human suffering which is the practical Christianity of the world. They cannot fail to deaden our humanity and make us indifferent to the pains and sorrows of our fellow-creatures. There is also a selfish view of the question, which, perhaps, will strike the conventional ear more loudly than a mere humanitarian appeal. From the street-children come the two dangerous classes which ruin our sons and break into our houses. Household security, therefore, demands that every one who values the morality of his children or the safety of his own throat should do his best to diminish the class from which come our burglars, garrisons and courtesans, and which will be most efficiently done by taking these unfortunate human waifs from their unfeling and drunken proprietors, for it would be a desecration of the term to call them parents.

Among the lighter subjects of conversation is a recent wedding in the City of Cluches, where for the second time in their lives a loving pair were united in the bands of wedlock. It appears that about ten years ago Mr. Jones and Miss Smith, for so we will call them, although their names are exactly the reverse, fell in love with each other, and very naturally thinking themselves the two halves of the same pair of scissors, they got married. Six months convinced these two young "inflates" that they were "uncongenial," and an amicable separation, followed by a divorce, was mutually agreed on. The lady married again after a short time, but her *ci-devant* husband, with the usual wisdom of man, had received too terrible a dose to repeat his experiment. About three months ago they met in an Albany steamer. He did not recognize her, for it was more than nine years since they had met, and she, from being very slender, had become moderately matronly. She, however, knew him at a glance, and concealed as much of her face as possible with her veil. She was accompanied by her children, two girls of tender years. The hat of the younger blowing off, was just saved by the *ci-devant* husband from going overboard. This led to an introduction, and a conversation which enchanted him. At last she revealed herself to her former admirer. As her second husband had obligingly died, she was in position to receive her first husband's second declaration of love, which gave her the opportunity of once more accepting him.

The fact of a man falling in love twice with the same lady has long been recognized by metaphysicians, as it frequently happens in married life, when the change which time works upon the mind predisposes each to see in the partner of many years charms not visible in the glare of youth, just as the stars hidden in day shine out at night.

Mr. Smyth, whose injudicious puffing of the "Black Crook" has so largely contributed to swell the managerial pocket, has subsided, as the proprietors of Cooper's Institute could not see it with the same eyes. The reason, however, given by the trustees of that noble building seems decidedly original, the gist of it being that preaching against the depravity of the age did not come within the clerical scope. This is of the same kind as Hell's gentlest egomaniac "who would not mention Hell to ears polite," and the fashionable preacher of Boston, who finished a sermon, warning sinners and bidding them to flee from the wrath to come, by saying: "And my dear brethren, I am truly grieved to add that all impudent sinners go to a most unpleasant place, where even New York will seem a paradise in comparison."

Amusements in the City.

The following are the principal features of promise and performance, for the week ending Wednesday, Dec. 5th. * * * At the Winter Garden, which has been altered if not renovated into something more nearly approaching the traditional opera-house, by the addition of boxes in the dress-circle and more orchestra-chairs in the parquette—Mr. Edwin Booth and the Italian Opera troupe have divided the sensation. The opera commenced with "Crispino" on Monday evening, the 26th, leading characters capitally given by Sig. Ronconi and Miss Kellogg, and a brilliant audience in attendance. This was followed by "Fra Diavolo" on Wednesday evening, Sig. Ronconi irresistibly comic as the Fra, Miss Kellogg in even better voice and style than usual, as Zarina, and the remaining roles very well given by Sig. Mazzolini, Mad. Natali-Zesta, etc. The "North Star" supplied the third performance, on Friday evening. A "Trovatore" Matinee was given on Saturday; and the opera nights for the current week are Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Mr. Booth has appeared as "Hamlet" on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings; well supported by Mad. Mathias-Scheller, a charmingly sweet Ophelia, Mr. Gotthold as the Ghost, Mr. Barton Hill as Laertes, Mr. Davidge as Polonius, Mr. Leffingwell as the King, etc. The opening of the combined attractions at the Winter Garden has certainly been very brilliant and the fashionable public seem to seize upon the double attraction with avidity. Mr. Booth varied his round on Tuesday evening with "Richelieu," and will appear during the week in the "Stranger" and "Don Casar de Bazan." * * * The Broadway offered another "combination" bill, during the last week of Mr. Charles Dillon; Miss Kate Reynolds joining that popular actor, in comedy. The "Wonder," with Mr. Dillon as Don Felix and Miss Reynolds as Donna Violante, was certainly a treat to those who witnessed it, though the lady may have been something more than half the weight of the programme. She was even more jollily-bewitching as Cleopatra in the French farce of "Antony and Cleopatra"—one of the most riotous performances of the time; and she joined Mr. Dillon in an excellent success, later in the week, in "Much Ado About Nothing." Miss Reynolds commenced a personal engagement on Monday the 3d, in a dramatic version of Wilkie Collins's "Armada." * * * At Wallack's the opening routine was markedly broken in upon Monday the third, by the first appearance of Mr. Lester Wallack, as Young Marlowe, in "She Stoops to Conquer." He followed with Don Felix, in the "Wonder," on Tuesday, and Otis, in his own comedy of "Central Park" on Wednesday evening, and alternates throughout the week. * * * At Niblo's, the "Black Crook" remains the specialty; and at the New York Theatre, "Griffith Gaunt." * * * At the Olympia the "Long Strike" has continued, with the addition of a capital light comedian, Mr. Stuart Robson, in the burlesque "Hamlet," "Wandering Minstrel," etc. * * * At Irving Hall, Mr. James M. Whili, the popular pianist, gave the first of his Matines on Saturday the 1st December, assisted by Miss Hume, Misses Campbell, Colby, etc.; and the Anschutz Music Institute gave its first quartet soiree on Thursday the 29th. * * * At the Theatre Francaise, during the second interregnum of Mad. Ristori, French comedy and vaudeville have been the uninterrupted feature; and Miss Olive Logan, the American comedienne, created no small sensation, a few evenings since, by making a successful first appearance there, in French, in an amusing trifle of Paris life called "500 francs du Recompte." * * * At Barnum's, the Van Amburgh Menagerie has divided attraction with the Museum proper. Buckstone's thrilling "Vision of the Dead" has been the dramatic feature meanwhile, and draws excellently. * * * At the New York Circus still another feature has been added to Deberg, Nino Eddie, etc., in the appearance of M. Conrad, the celebrated trick-clown and gymnast. * * * M. Harts discontinued his magical soirees at Dodworth Hall with Saturday the 1st, to re-open there on Monday Dec. 17th. * * * On the opera nights at Winter Garden, Mr. Booth and the "Hamlet" company have been giving some successful representations at the Brooklyn Academy; and the opera, too, has been occasionally alternating there. * * * Very many of the New York houses gave Matinees, and others extra bills, on Thanksgiving Day and evening, and the attendance, spite of the weather, was even exceptionally good. * * * A Grand Charitable Fair, for the benefit of the "Home and School for the Destitute Children of Soldiers and Sailors," is to open at the Public Hall corner of Broadway and 23d street, on Monday the 10th December, and should command general patronage. Mrs. General Grant and Mrs. Judge Daly head the influential list of patronesses of the enterprise—a guarantee of its genuineness. * * * The Annual Exhibition of the Artists' Fund remains open at the Academy of Design.

ART GOSSIP.

The leading feature in art circles, last week, was the opening on Tuesday, 27th November, of the Gambart collection of pictures, now on view in the gallery of the studio Building, Tenth street. This interesting collection comprises one hundred and eighteen paintings, by artists of the French, Flemish, and English schools; several of the examples being of a high order of merit. Gérôme is not quite so good as usual in his "King Canulæ," which is an imitation of the mania now existing in the French school of art for the display of the nude figure. There is nothing delicate, however, in Gérôme's treatment of the subject in question, but we do not think that he has wrought it out with his usual felicity. A somewhat singular picture by Heilbuth attracts a great deal of notice. It is a scene in the Vatican, at Rome, and represents a priest leaning out from the confessional, and touching with a long wand the heads of some persons kneeling upon the floor at some distance from it—the act being of "absolution of the venial sin." The composition of this work is rather too parallel with the base of the picture, but there is expression in it, and truthful character. A very striking picture, although painted in a low and sombre key, is one entitled, "The Poor Widow's Removal," the work of the well-known Dutch painter, Joseph Israëls, who, some few years ago, was created Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, as a tribute to his genius. The gray, sad tone of the picture accords well with the sentiment, which is of a sadness that is apt to dwell with one long after having passed from before it. It is only a group consisting of a woman of the humblest class, wearily dragging along a cart in which all her little household goods are stowed, and followed by her sorrowing children. The expression of the whole group is very truthful, and the accessories are painted with great skill. We have here a novelty from Meissonier, in the shape of a duplicate, in water-color, of his famous little picture of "A Gentleman in the Ante-chamber." In this the artist handled the material with a skill that leaves nothing to be desired. The execution is marked with *che* in every respect, and, when a Frenchman says that, he means that nothing more need be said upon the subject. Alma-Tadema, a pupil of Baron Henry Leys, has, to our way of thinking, far outstripped his master in the quaint and semi-grotesque. "A Dance in Rome, 1st Century," although not altogether free from mannerisms peculiar to the artist and his teacher, is a painting of great power, and splendid in color. The Bonheur-Rosa and her sister Juliette—are here with some charming compositions from pastoral life. The water-color picture of "Dear," by Rosa, is rather crude in color, and by no means equal to similar subjects treated by her in oil. An English painter named Hicks, whose name has hitherto been little known in this country, has a clever picture here, called "Before the Magistrate." It represents the adjudication of a "case" in a rural police-court, and is full of capital studies of character in the Hogarthian manner. The Goodall, well-known in the English art circles, also has pictures in this collection, which, on the whole, are one well worth the careful study of connoisseurs and admirers of art.

New York is to be furnished with many art attractions during the winter at hand. Cadart, from Paris, opened at the Derby Gallery, on Saturday, the 1st of December, with a new and choice collection of paintings and etchings, all, or most of them, from the hands of eminent artists of the French school.

In the French Gallery, now open in London (Gambart's), there is a portrait of Tennyson and one of Browning, both from the easel of G. F. Watts. Speaking of that of the laureate, a leading art critic says that it looks as if it were "hacked out of mahogany." Browning's portrait, which is in profile, is said to be a very truthful and cleverly painted likeness.

Hiram Powers, who still works at Florence, has lately finished a large and fine statue of "Eve after the Fall." The figure is nude, and is said to be a finer conception than the famous "Greek Slave" of the same sculptor.

There is a story about Rosa Bonheur now: how she ordered from Scotland a noble young bull of a cream or dun color, as a model for one of a group of Highland cattle, on which she is at work. The animal duly arrived at a French port, but was detained by the authorities on suspicion of rinderpest, and so the matter rested at the latest accounts.

Dore, whose illustrations have hitherto been cut by French engravers only, is now giving English craftsmen a chance with his drawings for a new edition of "Elaine," shortly to be issued by Moxon, of London. He expresses himself satisfied with the proofs of some that have already been cut.

A statue of Queen Victoria has been ordered for the city of Montreal. It is to be executed by Marshall Powers, a sculptor who formerly resided in Canada, but who is now in England.

Canadian art has had accessions of late. The Montreal papers frequently make favorable mention of pictures by a young Canadian artist, named Vogt, who aspires to be the Landseer of the provinces, and has produced, as we are told, works of real promise. Another Montreal artist, named Raphael, has lately painted a street scene in that city, and his picture, we believe, has been forwarded to England for exhibition.

That excellent artist, Savoni, has sent us some admirable photographic studies from nature, which are superior to anything we have ever seen. The poses are truly admirable, an excellence he owes, doubtless, to his double gift of painter as well as artist. He has also invented a stand for taking photographs, which has materially assisted him in securing the graphic beauty we have alluded to.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This work consists of thirteen little poems, which the publishers have justly regarded as so many grains of gold, and have spread them out—though not containing, altogether, more words than three columns of *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*—over seventy-two 12mo. pages; and thus, by arts known to the printer and the binder, they have gotten up, out of a very small amount of material, a substantial little volume, with an exterior approximately worthy of its intrinsic value. Several fine wood engravings, on tinted paper, embellish the work.

THE PARLOR STAGE. By S. ANNIE FROST. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

A collection of little domestic dramas, intended solely for performance by small circles of friends in private parlors or saloons; the plots simple and intelligible; the dresses required almost all of the present day; and the properties, with the addition of a curtain, such as are to be found in every well-appointed house.

STORIES OF MANY LANDS. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A pretty little book for children, consisting of seventeen stories about boys and girls, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Swiss, Italian and American, interspersed with charades and rebuses, and illustrated with six engravings, on tinted paper.

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A new novel by the authoress of "Fashion and Famine" is sure to find readers. "The Soldier's Orphans" details the fortunes of a volunteer's children; and in the interest it awakes probably equals, if it does not surpass, the most popular of Mrs. Stephens's earlier works.

THE PLAY-GROUND; OR, OUT-DOOR GAMES FOR BOYS. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

In this little book are all the common games for boys, and a great many that half of them never heard of. It

treats of the games requiring activity and speed, toys, marbles, tops, hoops, kites, balls, etc., and gives abundant instructions for archery, cricket, croquet, baseball, etc. Engravings and diagrams, to the number of 194, illustrate the various amusements described.

MÉTÉORES.

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And all these, it must be remembered, touch the margin of the terrestrial atmosphere; for it is by the collision with it that the light is emitted. They are far too near the earth to catch the light of the sun during our night. Not a few such planetary fragments may, it is believed, have been attracted out of their own solar orbits into the earth's sphere of attraction, and become permanent satellites attending upon us; though too small and too near for ordinary observation; and a few, through momentum or otherwise, have fallen to the earth.

M. Guillemin tells us, in his book on "The Heavens," that a French astronomer, M. Petit, of Toulouse, assigns to one such body a period of revolution round the earth of three hours and twenty minutes, at a distance of

5,000 miles. So that, if he is right, we have a little satellite at a distance of not much above a single radius of the earth—not so far from its surface as Lima from New York—which whirls round us in less than a sixth part of our own day. And if he is right in this case, the chances are that there are many more such minute specks whirling round our heads at greater or less distances. The magnitudes of these most diminutive of all known planets—the existence of which we, for the most part, should not suspect but for their flashing fire when they meet our atmosphere—are exceedingly trifling. Mr. Herschel believes most shooting stars to weigh no more than two ounces; and the largest calculated meteor is said to weigh about two hundred weight.

EPISTOME OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

The earnings of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway during the first eight months of the present year were, in round numbers, \$3,600,000, an increase over the corresponding months in 1865 of about ten per cent.

There are now over 500 large manufacturing establishments in the suburbs of Pittsburgh, Penn., among which are 50 glass factories, 60 oil refineries, 31 rolling mills, 46 iron founders, 33 machine shops, 12 boiler works, 6 large steel works, 10 brass founders, 16 potteries, 5 cotton mills, 4 woolen mills, 9 pio factories, 10 establishments for heavy forging; also a number of white lead factories, chemical works, saw, ax, copper and other manufactures of only the great staples of trade, turning out nearly \$100,000,000 of her own manufacture—making it the largest manufacturing city of the West.

It is proposed that a Convention of Colored Soldiers and Sailors shall be held in Philadelphia on the 8th of January, 1867. It is to be composed of those men of color who fought for the country during the war, and the object is to lay the claims of the race in a proper manner before Congress.

Ottawa Lake, in Whitford, Monroe County, Mich., is about two miles long, half a mile wide, and about forty feet deep at the deepest part, when full. It discharges in the spring a large amount of water through its outlet, which forms the north branch of the Ottawa creek at Sylvania. This lake has been dry three or four times during the last thirty years, when a whirlpool is seen in the centre, into which cakes of ice and other articles are drawn and disappear. In the winter of 1862-3 the ice over the whirlpool was broken, and cakes of it thrown on the ice around by air escaping from below; and the lake settled about five inches in twelve hours. Samuel Stacy and others were on the lake the time the ice broke. There is abundance of fish in the lake, and some pike have recently been caught weighing fourteen pounds.

The rate increase in the population of Rhode Island during the past five years has been between eleven and twelve thousand. As in other States, the growth has been altogether in the cities and manufacturing towns, the agricultural sections having invariably shown a decline.

A silk manufactory is to be established at San Jose, California. Twenty-five acres of ground have been given to the proprietors, upon which they propose at once to erect buildings for the manufactory and for the workmen. These will be mostly German and French. The California papers urge the raising of mulberry trees and cocoons.

The Rev. Reuben W. Howes, of Yonkers, has accepted a call from Trinity Church, Hoboken, and commenced his duties there as rector on Advent Sunday, the first of the Ecclesiastical year.

The United States Register for 1867, compiled by J. Disturnell, and not yet printed, shows that of the six hundred vessels belonging to our navy at the close of the war, two hundred and ninety-four were in the service last week. About all the useless vessels have been sold.

On the list now are sixty-three iron-clads, six frigates and sixty-five ships of the line, the Government makes

the following classification, the rates referring to size rather than to the quality of the vessels:

Rates. No. Gens.

First-rate ships of war. 31 660

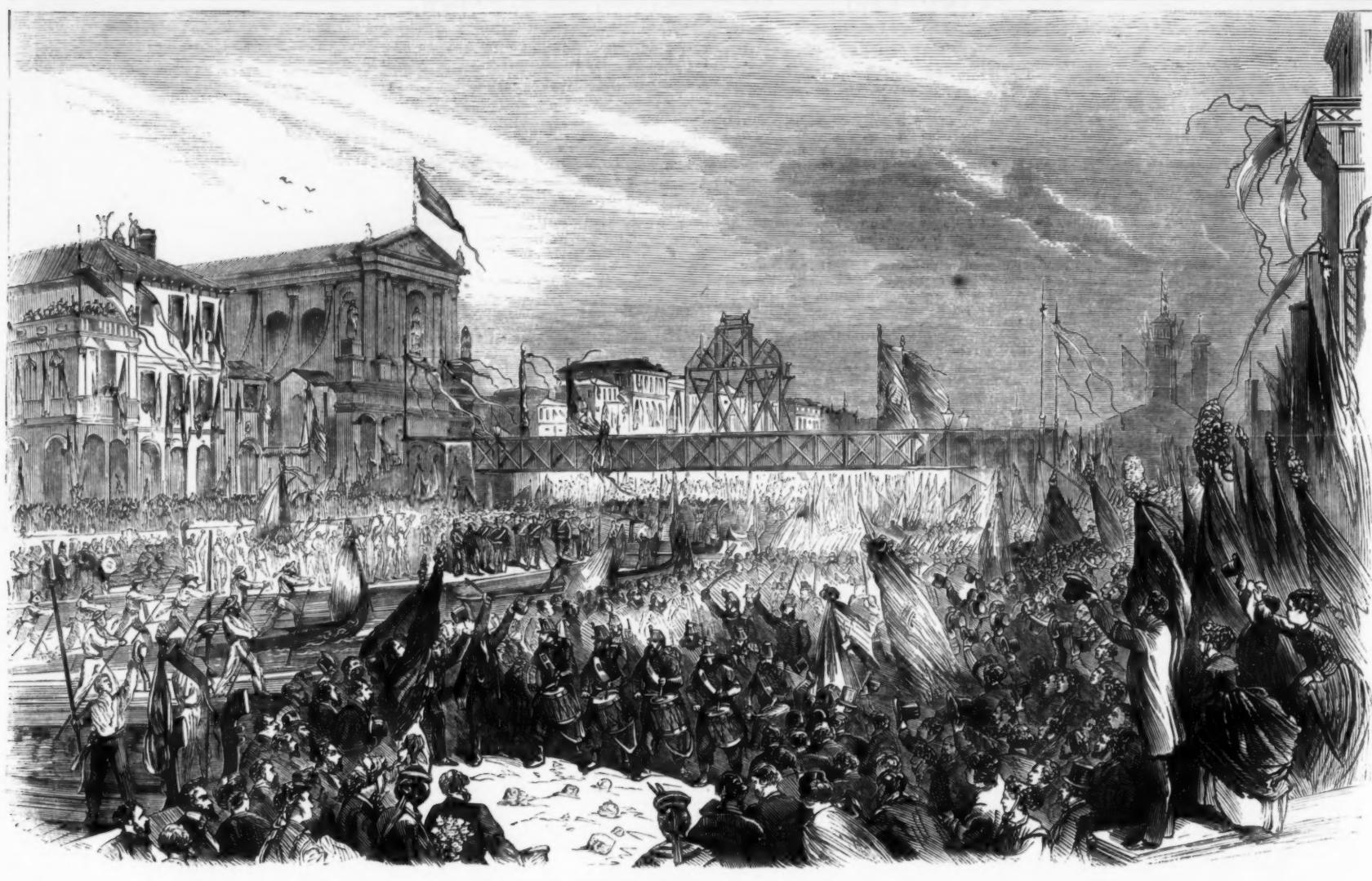
Second-rate do. 48 660

Third-rate do. 80 581

Fourth-rate do. 135 390

Total. 294 2,563

In the first-rate, we understand, are placed the vessels of 2,

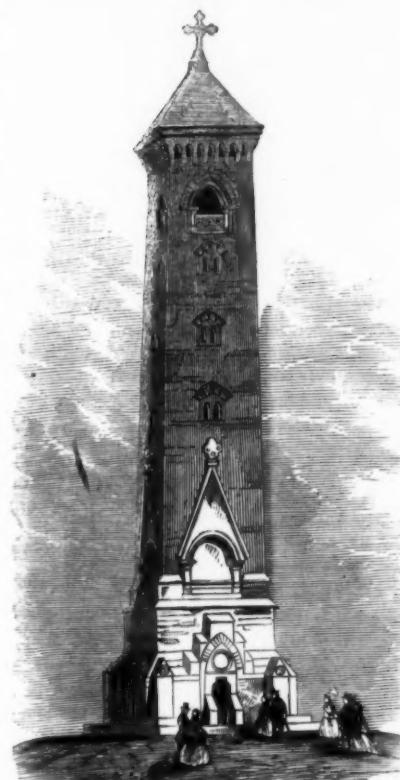


THE ENTRY OF ITALIAN TROOPS INTO VENICE.

THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL,
Lately Erected on North Nibley Knoll,
England.

AFTER more than three centuries a memorial has been erected to William Tyndale, a name to which the whole Anglo-American world is indebted, since to him we owe the earliest translation of the Sacred Scriptures, and it is generally believed that he was born about the year 1494, in the parish of North Nibley. There are some persons who claim for Stinchcombe the honor of being the place of his nativity; but there is, we believe, no evidence to support the claim. Indeed there is little beyond conjecture to guide any one in fixing upon the exact place of his birth, and in North Nibley two houses are indicated as the identical premises in which he first drew breath. The Black Horse Inn—an old building, certainly, but one, we should think, of a later date than Tyndale—used formerly to bear an inscription setting forth that that was Tyndale's birth-place; but the inscription has now disappeared. Tyndale spent some time at the University of Oxford, and afterward went to Cambridge, it is thought, for the purpose of profiting by the Greek lectures of Erasmus. About 1522 he was living as tutor in the family of Sir J. Walsh, of Little Tewbury, and spent his leisure time in the translation of the Scriptures; but he was obliged to leave that neighborhood in consequence of the bitter persecutions to which he was subjected by the people. On his departure he told one of his most violent opponents "that if God spared him many years he would cause a boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than he did." Finding that there was no hope of printing and publishing his translation in England, Tyndale went to Hamburg and Cologne, pursuing his work in secret; but he was discovered and fled to Worms. He resided for some time at Antwerp, and various attempts were made by his enemies to induce him to return to England. Vaughan, who was then English ambassador there, worked against him, and at length Tyndale was betrayed into the hands of the Government of the Netherlands; was, through the intrigues of two Englishmen, convicted of heresy, and was, on the 6th of October, 1536, strangled and burned, at Vilverden, near Brussels. Such is a brief sketch of the chief events in the life of Tyndale, and a few years ago, some three centuries and a half after his martyrdom, it occ-

urred to a few gentlemen who were living in the neighborhood of Nibley that a monument to his memory should be raised, and that no more fitting place for it could be found than the knoll which overlooks the property on which he is supposed to have been born. A committee was appointed, a sum of money was raised, the execution of the work entrusted to Mr. S. S. Teulon, architect, of Craig's Court, London; and on May 29, 1863, the foundation-stone was laid by Colonel Berkeley, whose father (Earl Fitzhardinge) had, jointly with the freeholders, placed four acres of land at the disposal of the committee. The memorial is a cenotaph, consisting of a square tower, twenty-six feet six inches square at the base, narrowing by gradation to two feet at the top, where a cornice sustains a pyramidal roof, vaulted within. The tower is ascended by a spiral staircase, leading on to a gallery, whence, through large apertures, extensive views of the lovely scenery of the surrounding country can be obtained. It had been intended that the four cardinal points should be adorned with sculptures representing incidents in the life of Tyndale but for some



THE TYNDALE MONUMENT ON NIBLEY KNOB, GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND.

reason or other this has not been done. The cost has been \$7,750, and there is a debt remaining of about \$1,500.

VENICE ITALIANIZED.

THERE never was a greater blunder on both sides than that of the Congress of Vienna giving and Austria accepting Venice. In the nature of things such a union as that contemplated was unnatural and fusion impracticable. Certain races will not blend, and Austria has the unhappy task of attempting to achieve the impossible. Prussia, in her victory of Sadowa, severed the tie, after Italy had signally failed on land and water. The last act has now been performed, and the whole territory of Venice, by the cession of Austria, by the enthusiastic wish of the people, becomes a part of the new kingdom of Italy and enters on a new era of history.

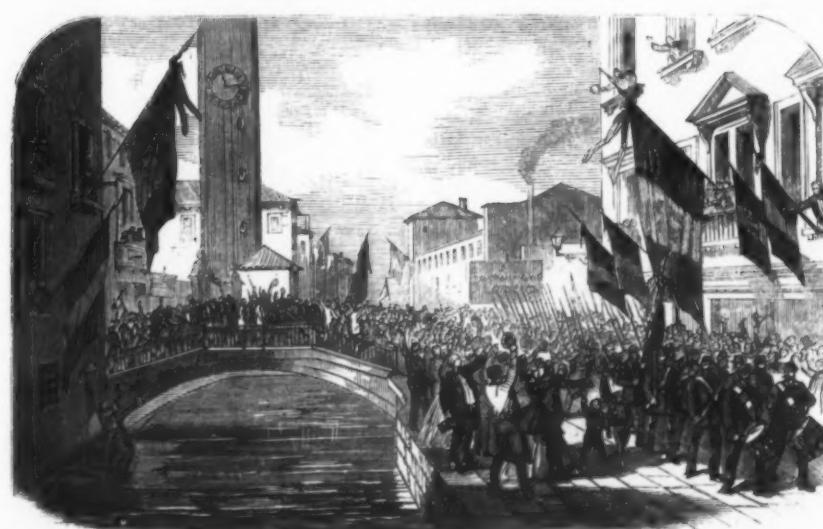
We present three engravings connected with this great event in the annals of the City of the Doges: 1. The Hoisting of the Italian Flag in the Square of St. Mark on the 19th of October. 2. The Popular Manifestation on

the day of Election. 3. People proceeding to the polls to vote annexation.

"The first salute to Venice was fired from the Garibaldi steamer at 9 A. M., and then the gonfalon or broad Italian tricolor, with the white cross of Savoy on a red ground, ran up the three red masts fronting the Duomo, and the bells of the great Campanile of St. Mark's were set swinging. The Piazza was a sea of upraised faces; the roaring of voices more like a torrent than a sea. 'Italia!' was the cry; 'Venezia!' and 'Vittorio Emanuele!' grouped beside it. But for a long while the intense acclamation of gladness precluded all intermittent intelligible shouts. Flags and handkerchiefs waved from the Doge's Palace, the Orologio, the Palazzo Reale, and the Procuratie Vecchio, and the banners rolled out their folds in a soft breeze, guns firing and bells clanging. The Garibaldi, followed into line along the Riva dei Schiavoni by four other steamers, for which some Austrian shallow water boats made way in good order, and an Ironclad, the Varese, thundering out toward the Lido, drew off a portion of the crowd to see the smoke of their own big guns. The National Guard, however, managed to keep a dense concourse around the drooping standards. For a concluding 'Viva' they raised their hats on their bayonets. Their heads not being visible, and their enthusiasm and zeal being notorious, the rickety nodding of all these caps on the steel spines produced a stupefying effect for half an instant; but as soon as the guard was heard the people joined in a final cheer, after which guard and people rushed to the Riva to hail their navy. The thoroughness of their rejoicing during this natal hour of the city's liberty was uncontested."

The voting needs little description. There was but one voice, as there was but one choice. The Venetian once more treads his noble city free, at least free from the yoke of a stranger.

UNFORTUNATE IRISH KINGS.—A list of the Irish kings from 1,300 B. C. to the days when Henry II. annexed that island, points out the curious historical and ethnological fact that out of some hundred and forty monarchs, about a hundred and twenty of them were either slain by their successors, or killed fighting, leaving the small residue to be killed by thunderbolts, drowning, and in a few instances to die of plague or grief.



THE CITIZENS OF VENICE GOING TO VOTE AT SAN LORENZO.



POPULAR MANIFESTATION IN THE PLACE ST. MARK, VENICE—VOTE FOR THE ANNEXATION OF ITALY.



THE WATER-MELON MARKET AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 190.

NORINE,
The Shop-Girl of Leghorn.

THE Count Bacchicchi, who died a short time since at the Palace of the Tuilleries, was a cousin of the French Emperor, and first chamberlain and superintendent of the imperial theatres. On court days, seventeen grand crosses of the most select orders of Europe sparkled upon his breast. He died of sheer exhaustion from want of sleep. A few minutes before he passed away, he muttered in a low voice, "Norine! Norine!" One of the attendants asked, "What do you want, my lord?" He raised his hand with a gesture of impatience, and said: "Don't question me." A few moments after the words came again, "Norine! Norine!" and the soul of the dying man passed away with his words.

Norine was a little shop-girl of Leghorn, his first love, now an old woman, with a family. The heart of the dying man, who had been through his life familiar with all of pomp and pageantry that Europe could show, fled back to his first love. This was the oasis in the desert; all the rest was but sand.

He lay within the gilded halls,
Built by a line of crowned Gauls,
Around his couch of sumptuous ease
Played soft and warm the autumn breeze,
While faint and far the city's hum
Came like the sound of muffled drum,
And the proud Seine, in murmuring key,
Swept its swift course toward the sea.

In royal purple lapped he lay,
As ebbed the tide of life away;
While back and forth, and to his side,
The waiting minions softly glide,
Seeking, by each obsequious breath,
To turn the poisoned darts of Death,
Or smooth, with gentle hands, the floor
That leads to the grim monarch's door.

All vain! The wealth of kings is vain—
The Lord must have his own again.
And out upon the ebbing tide—
Out to the ocean, drear and wide—
A sated soul floats, stark and lone,
Full with the world's sad monotone—
Full with the seeking of its own—
Passing from Earth to God's white throne.

But yet a moment, ere it flies,
Some half-form sound is born—and dies.
Low bending to the muttered word,
"Norine! Norine!" is faintly heard.
The startled menials gather near,
The word falls strangely on the ear:
"What wants my lord?" they softly said.
"Norine! Norine!" My lord is dead.

And there, amid the blaze of gold,
His heart and limbs alike grown old,
The pampered favorite of a king
Fled back through life on Memory's wing
To that sweet spot, whereon he heard,
From lips that loved, fond Love's first word,
And pomp, and pride, for her were gone—
Norine, the shop-girl of Leghorn.

The Haunted Organist of Hurly
Burly.

THERE had been a thunderstorm in the village of Hurly Burly. Every door was shut, every dog in his kennel, every rut and gut a flowing river after the deluge of rain that had fallen. Up at the great house, a mile from the town, the rooks were calling to one another about the fright they had been in, the fawns in the deer-park were venturing their timid heads from behind the trunks of trees, and the old woman at the gate lodge had risen from her knees, and was putting back her prayer-book on the shelf. In the garden, July roses, unwieldy with their full-blown richness, and saturated with rain, hung their heads heavily to the earth; others, already fallen, lay flat upon their blooming faces on the path, where Bess, Mistress Hurly's maid, would find them when going on her morning quest of rose-leaves for her lady's pot pourri. Banks of white lilies, just brought to perfection by to-day's sun, lay dabbled in the mire of flooded mold. Tears ran down the amber cheeks of the plums on the south wall, and not a bee had ventured out of the hives, though the scent of the air was sweet enough to tempt the laziest drone. The sky was still lurid behind the boles of the upland oaks, but the birds had begun to dive in and out of the ivy that wrapped up the home of the Hurlys of Hurly Burly.

The thunderstorm took place half a century ago, and we must remember that Mistress Hurly was dressed in the fashion of that time as she crept out from behind the squire's chair, now that the lightning was over, and, with many nervous glances toward the window, sat down before her husband, the tea-urn and the muffins. We can picture her fine lace cap, with its peachy ribbons, the frill on the hem of her cambric gown just touching her ankles, the embroidered cloaks on her stockings, the rosettes on her shoes, but not so easily the lilac shade of her mild eyes, the satin skin, which still kept its delicate bloom, though wrinkled with advancing age, and the pale, sweet, puckered mouth, that time and sorrow had made angelic while trying vainly to deface its beauty.

The squire was as rugged as his wife was gentle, his skin as brown as hers was white, his gray hair as bristling as hers was glossed; the years had plowed his face into ruts and channels; a bluff, choleric, noisy man he had been; but of late a dimness had come on his eyes, a hush on his loud voice, and a check on the spring of his halting step. He looked at his wife often, and very often she looked at him. She was not a tall woman, and he was only a head higher. They were a quaintly well-matched couple despite their differences. She turned to you with nervous sharpness and revealed her tender voice and eye; he spoke and glanced roughly, but the turn of his head was courteous. Of late they fitted one another better than they

had ever done in the heyday of their youthful love. A common sorrow had developed a singular likeness between them. In former years the cry from the wife had been: "Don't curb my son too much!" and from the husband: "You ruin the lad with softness." But now the idol that had stood between them was removed, and they saw each other better.

The room in which they sat was a pleasant old-fashioned drawing-room, with a general spider-legged character about the fittings; spinnet and guitar in their places, with a great deal of copied music beside them; carpet tawny wreath's on blue; blue flutings on the walls, and pale gilding on the furniture. A huge urn, crammed with roses, in the open bay-window, through which came delicious air from the garden, the twittering of birds settling to sleep in the ivy close by, and occasionally the patter of a flight of raindrops, swept to the ground as a bough bent in the breeze. The urn on the table was ancient silver, and the china rare. There was nothing in the room for luxurious ease of the body, but everything of delicate refinement for the eye.

There was a great hush all over Hurly Burly, except in the neighborhood of the rooks. Every living thing had suffered from heat for the past month, and now, in common with all nature, was receiving the boon of refreshed air in silent peace. The mistress and master of Hurly Burly shared the general spirit that was abroad, and were not talkative over their tea.

"Do you know," said Mistress Hurly, at last, "when I heard the first of the thunder beginning I thought it was—it was—"

The lady broke down, her lips trembling, and the peachy ribbons of her cap stirring with great agitation.

"Pshaw!" cried the old squire, making his cup suddenly ring upon the saucer, "we ought to have forgotten that. Nothing has been heard for three months."

At this moment a rolling sound struck upon the ears of both. The lady rose from her seat, trembling, and folded her hands together, while the tea-urn flooded the tray.

"Nonsense, my love," said the squire; "that is the sound of wheels. Who can be arriving?"

"Who, indeed?" murmured the lady, reseating herself in agitation.

Presently Bess of the rose-leaves appeared at the door in a flutter of blue ribbons.

"Please, madam, a lady has arrived, and says she is expected. She asked for her apartment, and I put her into the room that was got ready for Miss Calderwood. And she sends her respects to you, madam, and she'll be down with you presently."

The squire looked at his wife, and his wife looked at the squire.

"It is some mistake," murmured madam. "Some visitor for Calderwood or the Grange. It is very singular."

Hardly had she spoken when the door again opened, and the stranger appeared—a small creature, whether girl or woman it would be hard to say—dressed in a scanty black silk dress, her narrow shoulders covered with a white muslin pelerine. Her hair was swept up to the crown of her head, all but a little fringe hanging over her low forehead within an inch of her brows. Her face was brown and thin, eyes black and long, with blacker settings, mouth large, sweet and melancholy. She was all head, mouth and eyes; her nose and chin were nothing.

This visitor crossed the floor hastily, dropped a curtsey in the middle of the room, and approached the table, saying, abruptly, and with a soft Italian accent:

"Sir and madam, I am here. I am come to play your organ."

"The organ!" gasped Mistress Hurly.

"The organ!" stammered the squire.

"Yes, the organ," said the little stranger lady, playing on the back of a chair with her fingers, as if she felt the notes under them. "It was but last week that the handsome signor, your son, came to my little house, where I have lived teaching my music since my English father and my Italian mother and brothers and sisters died and left me so lonely."

Here the fingers left off drumming, and two great tears were brushed off, one from each eye with each hand, child's fashion. But the next moment the fingers were at work again, as if only whilst they were moving the tongue could speak.

"The noble signor, your son," said the little woman, looking trustfully from one to the other of the old couple, while a bright blush shone through her brown skin, "he often came to see me before that, always in the evening, when the sun was warm and yellow all through my little studio, and the music was swelling up in my heart, and I could play out grand with all my soul, then he used to come and say: 'Hurry, little Lisa, and play better, better still. I have work for you to do by-and-by.' Sometimes he said 'Brava!' and sometimes he said 'Excellentissima!' but one night last week he came to me and said: 'It is enough, Will you swear to do my bidding whatever it may be?' Here the black eyes fell; and I said, 'Yes,' and he said, 'Now you are my betrothed; and I said, 'Yes,' and he said, 'Pack up your music, little Lisa, and go off to England to my English father and mother, who have an organ in their house which must be played upon. If they refuse to let you play, tell them I sent you, and they will give you leave. You must play all day, and you must get up in the night and play. You must never tire. You are my betrothed, and you have sworn to do my work.' I said, 'Shall I see you there, signor?' and he said, 'Yes, you shall see me there.' I said, 'I shall keep my vow, signor.' And so, sir and madame, I am come."

The soft foreign voice left off talking, the fingers left off thrumming on the chair, and the little stranger gazed in dismay at her auditors, both pale with agitation.

"You are deceived. You make a mistake," said they, in one breath.

"Our son—" began Mistress Hurly, but her mouth twitched, her voice broke, and she looked piteously toward her husband.

"Our son," said the squire, making an effort to conquer the quavering in his voice—"our son is long dead."

"Nay, nay," said the little foreigner. "If you have thought him dead, have good cheer, dear sir and madame. He is alive; he is well, and strong and handsome. But one, two, three, four, five (on the fingers) days ago he stood by my side."

"It is some strange mistake, some wonderful coincidence," said the mistress and master of Hurly Burly.

"Let us take her to the gallery," murmured the mother of this son who was thus dead and alive. "There is yet light to see the pictures. She will not know his portrait."

The bewildered wife and husband led their strange visitor away to a long gloomy room at the west side of the house, where the faint gleams from the darkening sky still lingered on the portraits of the Hurly family.

"Doubtless he is like this," said the squire, pointing to a fair-haired young man with a mild face, a brother of his own, who had been lost at sea.

But Lisa shook her head, and went softly on tiptoe from one picture to another, peering into the canvas, and still turning away troubled. But at last a shriek of delight startled the shadowy chamber.

"Ah, here he is! See, here is, the noble signor, the beautiful signor, not half so handsome as he looked five days ago, when talking to poor little Lisa! Dear sir and madame, you are now content. Now take me to the organ, that I may commence to do his bidding at once."

The mistress of Hurly Burly clung fast by her husband's arm.

"How old are you, girl?" she said, faintly.

"Eighteen," said the visitor, impatiently, moving toward the door.

"And my son has been dead for twenty years!" said this mother, and swooned on her husband's breast.

"Order the carriage at once," said Mistress Hurly, recovering from her swoon; "I will take her to Margaret Calderwood. Margaret will tell her the story. Margaret will bring her to reason. No, not to-morrow; I cannot bear to-morrow, it is so far away. We must go to-night."

The little signora thought the old lady mad, but she put on her cloak again obediently, and took her seat beside Mistress Hurly in the Hurly family coach.

The moon that looked in at them through the pane as they lumbered along was not whiter than the aged face of the squire's wife, whose dim, faded eyes were fixed upon it in doubt and awe, too great for tears or words. Lisa, too, from her corner, glistened upon the moon, her black eyes shining with passionate dreams.

A carriage rolled away from the Calderwood door as the Hurly coach drew up at the steps. Margaret Calderwood had just returned from a dinner-party, and at the open door a splendid figure was standing, a tall woman, dressed in brown velvet, the diamonds on her bosom glistening in the moonlight that revealed her, pouring, as it did, over the house, from eaves to basement. Mistress Hurly fell into her outstretched arms with a groan, and the strong woman carried her aged friend like a baby into the house. Little Lisa was overlooked, and sat down contentedly on the threshold to gloat awhile longer on the moon, and to thrum imaginary sonatas on the door-step.

There were tears and sobs in the dusky moonlit room into which Margaret Calderwood carried her friend. There was a long consultation, and then Margaret, having hushed away the grieving woman into some quiet corner, came forth to look for the little dark-faced stranger, who had arrived, so unwelcome, from beyond the seas, with such wild communication from the dead.

Up the grand staircase of handsome Calderwood the little woman followed the tall one, into a large chamber where a lamp burned, showing Lisa, if she cared to see it, that this mansion of Calderwood was fitted with much greater luxury and richness than was that of Hurly Burly. The appointments of this room announced it the sanctum of a woman who depended for the interest of her life upon resources of intellect and taste. Lisa noticed nothing but a morsel of biscuit that was lying on a plate.

"May I have it?" said she, eagerly. "It is so long since I have eaten. I am hungry."

Margaret Calderwood gazed at her with a sorrowful, motherly look, and, parting the fringing hair on her forehead, kissed her. Lisa stared at her in wonder, returned the caress with ardor. Margaret's large fair shoulders, Madonna-face and yellow, braided hair, excited a rapture within her. But when food was brought her she flew to it and ate.

"It is better than I have ever eaten at home!" she said, gratefully. And Margaret Calderwood murmured:

"She is physically healthy, at least."

"And now, Lisa," said Margaret Calderwood, "come and tell me the whole history of the grand signor who sent you to England to play the organ."

Then Lisa crept in behind a chair, and her eyes began to burn and her fingers to thrum, and she repeated word for word her story as she had told it at Hurly Burly.

When she had finished, Margaret Calderwood began to pace up and down the floor with a very troubled face. Lisa watched her, fascinated, and when she bade her to listen to a story which she would relate to her, folded her restless hands together, meekly, and listened.

"Twenty years ago, Lisa, Mr. and Mrs. Hurly had a son. He was handsome, like that portrait you saw in the gallery, and he had brilliant talents.

He was idolized by his father and mother, and all who knew him felt obliged to love him. I was then a happy girl of twenty. I was an orphan, and Mrs. Hurly, who had been my mother's friend, was like a mother to me. I, too, was petted and caressed by all my friends, and I was very wealthy; but I only valued admiration, riches—every good gift that fell to my share—just in proportion as they seemed of worth in the eyes of Lewis Hurly. I was his affianced wife, and I loved him well.

"All the fondness and pride that were lavished on him could not keep him from falling into evil ways, nor from becoming rapidly more and more abandoned to wickedness, till even those who loved him best despaired of seeing his reformation. I prayed him with tears for my sake, if not for that of his grieving mother, to save himself before it was too late. But to my horror I found that my power was gone, my words did not even move him—he loved me no more. I tried to think that this was some fit of madness that would pass, and still clung to hope. At last his own mother forbade me to see him."

Here Margaret Calderwood paused, seemingly in bitter thought, but resumed:

"He and a party of his boon companions, named by themselves the 'Devil's Club,' were in the habit of practicing all kinds of unholy pranks in the country. They had midnight carousals on the tombstones in the village graveyard; they carried away helpless old men and children, whom they tortured by making believe to bury them alive; they raised the dead, and placed them sitting round the tombstones at a mock feast. On one occasion there was a very sad funeral from the village; the corpse was carried into the church, and prayers were read over the coffin, the chief mourner, the aged father of the dead man, standing weeping by. In the midst of this solemn scene the organ suddenly pealed forth a profane tune, and a number of voices shouted a drinking chorus. A groan of execration burst from the crowd, the clergyman turned pale and closed his book, and the old man, the father of the dead, climbed the altar steps, and, raising his arms above his head, uttered a terrible curse. He cursed Lewis Hurly to all eternity, he cursed the organ he played, that it might be dumb henceforth, except under the fingers that had now profaned it, which, he prayed, might be forced to labor upon it till they stiffened in death. And the curse seemed to work, for the organ stood dumb in the church from that day, except when touched by Lewis Hurly.

"For a bravado he had the organ taken down and conveyed to his father's house, where he had it put up in the chamber where it now stands. It was also for a bravado that he played on it every day. But, by-and-by, the amount of time which he spent at it daily began to increase rapidly. We wondered long at this whim, as we called it, and his poor mother thanked God that he had set his heart upon an occupation which would keep him out of harm's way. I was the first to suspect that it was not his own will that kept him hammering at the organ so many laborious hours while his boon companions tried vainly to draw him away. He used to lock himself up in the room with the organ, but one day I hid myself among the curtains, and saw him writhing on his seat, and heard him groaning as he strove to wrench his hands from the keys, to which they flew back like a needle to a magnet. It was soon plainly to be seen that he was an involuntary slave to the organ; but whether through a madness that had grown within himself, or by some supernatural doom, having its cause in the old man's curse, we did not dare to say. By-and-by there came a time when we were wakened out of our sleep at nights by the rolling of the organ. He wrought now night and day. Food and rest were denied him. His face got haggard, his beard grew long, his eyes started from their sockets. His body became wasted, and his fingers cramped like the claws of a bird. He groaned piteously as he stooped over his cruel toil. All save his mother and I were afraid to go near him. She, poor, tender woman, tried to put wine and food between his lips while the tortured fingers crawled over the keys, but he only gnashed his teeth at her with curses, and she retreated from him in terror, to pray. At last, one dreadful hour, we found him a ghastly corpse on the ground before the organ.

"From that hour the organ was dumb to the touch of all human fingers. Many, unwilling to believe the story, made persevering endeavors to draw sound from it, but in vain. But when the darkened empty room was locked up and left, we heard as loud as ever the well-known sounds humming and rolling through the walls. Night and day the tones of the organ boomed on as before. It seemed that the doom of the wretched man was not yet fulfilled, although his tortured body had been worn out in the terrible struggle to accomplish it. Even his own mother was afraid to go near the room then. So the time went on, and the curse of this perpetual music was not removed from the house. Servants refused to stay about the place. Visitors shunned it. The squire and his wife left their home for years, and returned; left it, and returned again, to find their ears still tortured and their hearts wrung by the unceasing persecution of terrible sounds. At last, but a few months ago, a holy man was found, who locked himself up in the cursed chamber for many days, praying and wrestling with the demon. After he came forth and went away the sounds ceased, and the organ was heard no more. Since then there has been peace in the house. And now, Lisa, your strange appearance and your strange story convince us that you are a victim of a curse of the Evil One. Be warned in time, and place yourself under the protection of God, that you may be saved from the fearful influences that are at work upon you. Come—"

Margaret Calderwood turned to the corner where the stranger sat, as she had supposed, listening intently. Little Lisa was fast asleep,

her hands spread before her as if she played an organ in her dreams.

Margaret took the soft brown face to her motherly breast, and kissed the swelling temples, too big with wonder and fancy.

"We will save you from a horrible fate!" she murmured, and carried the girl to bed.

In the morning Lisa was gone. Margaret Calderwood, coming early from her own chamber, went into the girl's room and found the bed empty.

"She is just such a wild thing," thought Margaret, "as would rush out at sunrise to hear the larks!" and she went forth to look for her in the meadows, behind the beech hedges, and in the home park. Mistress Hurly, from the breakfast-room window, saw Margaret Calderwood, large and fair in her white morning gown, coming down the garden-path between the rose-bushes, with her fresh draperies dabbled by the dew, and a look of trouble on her calm face. Her quest had been unsuccessful. The little foreigner had vanished.

A second search after breakfast proved also fruitless, and toward evening the two women drove back to Hurly Burly together. There all was panic and distress. The squire sat in his study with the doors shut, and his hands over his ears. The servants, with pale faces, were huddled together in whispering groups. The haunted organ was pealing through the house as of old.

Margaret Calderwood hastened to the fatal chamber, and there, sure enough, was Lisa, perched upon the high seat before the organ, beating the keys with her small hands, her slight figure swaying, and the evening sun playing about her weird head. Sweet unearthly music she wrung from the groaning heart of the organ—wild melodies, mounting to rapturous heights and falling to mournful depths. She wandered from Mendelssohn to Mozart, and from Mozart to Beethoven. Margaret stood fascinated awhile by the ravishing beauty of the sounds she heard, but, rousing herself quickly, put her arms round the musician and forced her away from the chamber. Lisa returned next day, however, and was not so easily coaxed from her post again. Day after day she labored at the organ, growing paler and thinner and more weird-looking as the time went on.

"I work so hard," she said to Mrs. Hurly. "The signor, your son, is he pleased? Ask him to come and tell me himself if he is pleased."

Mistress Hurly got ill and took to her bed. The squire swore at the young foreign baggage, and roamed abroad. Margaret Calderwood was the only one who stood by to watch the fate of the little organist. The curse of the organ was upon Lisa; it spoke under her hand, and her hand was its slave.

At last she announced rapturously that she had had a visit from the brave signor, who had commended her industry, and urged her to work yet harder. After that she ceased to hold any communication with the living. Time after time Margaret Calderwood wrapped her arms about the frail thing, and carried her away by force, locking the door of the fatal chamber. But locking the chamber and burying the key were of no avail. The door stood open again, and Lisa was laboring on her perch.

One night, wakened from her sleep by the well-known humming and moaning of the organ, Margaret dressed hurriedly and hastened to the unholy room. Moonlight was pouring down the staircases and passages of Hurly Burly. It shone on the marble bust of the dead Lewis Hurly, that stood in the niche above his mother's sitting-room door. The organ-room was full of it when Margaret pushed open the door and entered—full of the pale green moonlight from the window, mingled with another light, a dull lurid glare which seemed to centre round a dark shadow like the figure of a man standing by the organ, and throwing out in fantastic relief the slight form of Lisa writhing, rather than swaying, back and forward, as if in agony. The sounds that came from the organ were broken and meaningless, as if the hands of the player lagged and stumbled on the keys. Between the intermittent chords low moaning cries broke from Lisa, and the dark figure bent toward her with menacing gestures. Trembling with the sickness of supernatural fear, yet strong of will, Margaret Calderwood crept forward within the radii of the lurid light, and was drawn into its influence. It grew and intensified upon her, it dazzled and blinded her at first, but presently, by a daring effort of will, she raised her eyes and beheld Lisa's face convulsed with torture in the burning glare, and bending over her the figure and features of Lewis Hurly! Smitten with horror, Margaret did not even then lose her presence of mind. She wound strong arms around the wretched girl and dragged her from her seat and out of the influence of the lurid light, which immediately paled away and vanished. She carried her to her own bed, where Lisa lay, a wasted wreck, raving about the cruelty of the pitiless signor who would not see that she was laboring her best. Her poor cramped hands kept beating the coverlet, as though she were still at her agonizing task.

Margaret Calderwood bathed her burning temples, and placed fresh flowers upon her pillow. She opened the blinds and windows, and let in the sweet morning air and sunshine, and then looking up at the newly-awakened sky with its fair promise of hope for the day, and down at the dewy fields, and far off at the dark green woods, with the purple mists still hovering about them, she prayed that a way might be shown her by which to put an end to this curse. She prayed for Lisa, and then, thinking that the girl rested somewhat, stole from the room. She thought that she had locked the door behind her.

She went down-stairs with pale, resolved face, and, without consulting any one, sent to the village for a bricklayer. Afterward she sat by Mistress Hurly's side, and explained to her what was to be done. Presently she went to the door of Lisa's room, and hearing no sound,

thought the girl slept, and stole away. By-and-by she went down-stairs, and found that the bricklayer had arrived and already begun his task of building up the organ-room door. He was a swift workman, and the chamber was soon sealed safely with stone and mortar.

Having seen this work finished, Margaret Calderwood went and listened again at Lisa's door; and still hearing no sound, she returned, and took her seat at Mrs. Hurly's bedside once more. It was toward evening that she at last entered her room to assure herself of the comfort of Lisa's sleep. But the bed and room were empty. Lisa had disappeared.

Then the search began, up-stairs and down-stairs, in the garden, in the grounds, in the fields and meadows. No Lisa. Margaret Calderwood ordered the carriage and drove to Calderwood to see if the strange little will-o'-the-wisp might have made her way there; then to the village, and to many other places in the neighborhood which it was not possible she could have reached. She made inquiries everywhere, she pondered and puzzled over the matter. In the weak, suffering state that the girl was in, how far could she have crawled?

After two days' search, Margaret returned to Hurly Burly. She was sad and tired, and the evening was chill. She sat over the fire wrapped in her shawl when little Bess came to her, weeping behind her muslin apron.

"If you'd speak to Mistress Hurly about it, please ma'am," she said. "I love her dearly, and it breaks my heart to go away, but the organ haven't done yet, ma'am, and I'm frightened out of my life, so I can't stay."

"Who has heard the organ, and when?" asked Margaret Calderwood, rising to her feet.

"Please, ma'am, I heard it the night you went away—the night after the door was built up!"

"And not since?"

"No, ma'am," hesitatingly, "not since. Hush! hark, ma'am! Is not that like the sound of it now?"

"No," said Margaret Calderwood; "it is only the wind." But pale as death she flew down the stairs and laid her ear to the yet damp mortar of the newly-built wall. All was silent. There was no sound but the monotonous sough of the wind in the trees outside. Then Margaret began to dash her soft shoulder against the strong wall, and to pick the mortar away with her white fingers, and to cry out for the bricklayer who had built up the door.

It was midnight, but the bricklayer left his bed in the village, and obeyed the summons to Hurly Burly. The pale woman stood by and watched him undo all his work of three days ago, and the servants gathered about in trembling groups wondering what was to happen next.

What happened next was this: When an opening was made the man entered the room with a light, Margaret Calderwood and others following. A heap of something dark was lying on the ground at the foot of the organ. Many groans arose in the fatal chamber. Here was little Lisa dead!

When Mistress Hurly was able to move, the squire and his wife went to live in France, where they remained till their death. Hurly Burly was shut up and deserted for many years. Lately it has passed into new hands. The organ has been taken down and banished, and the room is a bed-chamber, more luxuriously furnished than any in the house. But no one sleeps in it twice.

Margaret Calderwood was carried to her grave the other day, a very aged woman.

THE GREAT WATER-MELON MARKET OF CHARLESTON.

A PROMINENT illustration in the present number depicts, as a pendant to the City Market at Charleston, before given, the Water-Melon Market in the same city, an institution of no secondary importance in the season of those delicious succulent vegetable elongated globules. As is well-known, the Carolinas and the States immediately adjoining are the very home of the melon on this continent, as Southern France and Spain are on the European; and Charleston has the run of the very best that can be found in a considerable radius. The melons are brought in from the neighboring country and the surrounding islands, exclusively by the negroes; and some idea of the conveyances in which they come, and of the peculiar costume prevailing in the melon season, is conveyed by the picture. Our old friends, the buzzards, are not to be left out of the calculation, though they are not made prominent, for they, too, equally with the negro himself, know the value and luscious taste of the core of a fine water-melon. Our sketch has many "characters"—the old negro in the foreground, with a large melon under his arm, among the principal, and the young darkey on the bow of the boat, who smacks his thick lips over that long slice, is only secondary to the principal figure in interest.

THE NEW ENGLISH IRONCLAD GUNBOAT WATER WITCH.

THE SCIENCE of destruction is one of the chief studies of the present day. Nations which hesitate in spending thousands for the welfare of their people, lavish millions upon the construction of gunboats and breech-loading rifles. The numerous improvements made by Ericsson and others during the late rebellion necessarily gave a great impetus to other maritime nations, more especially to England and France.

The last invention of the English is the Water Witch, which is propelled by taking water into her hold, and discharging it, by means of a powerful engine, from two pipes, near the water-line, on each side. By changing the direction of these pipes, she can stop, back, whirl round, or be steered in any direction, without stopping the engine. She is a sort of water-rocket, and her speed is equal to a propeller of the same power. We have long believed that taking water in at the bows of the boat, and expelling it as low as possible at the stern, would be one of the best means of propulsion; and we, therefore, think that the discharge of the water at or above the water-line is a mistake in engineering.

The London *Illustrated News* thus describes this latest novelty in naval warfare:

The mode of operation of this machinery is such that

an immense volume of water, being discharged on each side of the ship, amidships and about the water-lines, can, by means of handles on deck or on the bridge, be directed forward or aft, at pleasure, propelling the vessel in either direction, or turning her round on the centre, without noise and without stopping the engines or in any way interfering with them. They may be kept continually working, so that the management of the ship is independent of the engineers, and under the complete and easy control of the officer in charge of the deck.

The machinery consists of an immense centrifugal pump fixed in the centre of the ship, and driven by three horizontal steam-engines of 160 horse-power. The bottom of the ship, immediately under the machinery, is hollow, and forms a canal into which the water from the sea is admitted by four large sluices. Upon the top of this canal is a large circular opening, over which is fixed a hollow revolving disk or turbine, enclosed in an enormous cast-iron case, and having a series of curved arms or blades, which draw in the water from the canal, and drive it, by centrifugal force, into two discharge-pipes, one on each side of the case. Each of these discharge-pipes conveys a solid stream of water, about 3½ square feet in area, into a nozzle at the ship's side, which directs the water thus discharged either fore or aft, and propels the vessel at the rate of nine knots per hour. It will at once be seen that immense advantages for managing the vessel are given by this method of propulsion.

The vessel is built of iron, of 778 tons measurement; 162 feet in length by 32 feet in breadth; and 13 feet 9 inches in depth. She is flat in the bottom, broad in her midship section in proportion to her length, and "double-ended"—fitted with a rudder at each end.

Her defensive power as a gunboat consists in a belt of armor-plating of 4½ inches in thickness, at the water-line, and centrally on her broadside with walls of iron, or athwartship armor-plated bulkheads across her upper-deck, the object being to fight guns over her deck in line with her keel, through gun-ports in the athwartship bulkheads, as well as through ports. The armor-plating is backed with 10 inches of teak, and is further strengthened by the usual inner skin of an iron-built vessel.

We present an illustration of the vessel, and five diagrams of the machinery, from authentic drawings. Fig. 1 represents a longitudinal elevation of the engines and wheel, half in section; and fig. 2 shows the plan of the engines. It has been stated that there are peristalsis in the fore part of the vessel, through which the water enters previous to entering the wheel-case; the peristalsis are produced by cutting slits in the iron-plates in the transverse direction of the vessel, and then bulging the plate on one side of each of the slits, which are indicated in fig. 1. The water, on passing through those openings, is conveyed through four sluice valves, each having an opening of 2 feet 10½ inches by 1 foot 11½ inches, and communicating with the wheel through separate passages. Each sluice valve stands vertical; but the divisions of the passages are made to take a twist from the perpendicular toward the horizontal position between the valves and the wheel, in order that the water may be made to enter the wheel in the line of the least resistance. The sluice valves are arranged in front of the pump at right angles to the keel, and from beyond the extreme valves is connected a division, formed of plates and angle-iron, extending abaft, beyond the opening in the centre of the pump, thus forming a water-tight compartment, distinct from the bilge, from which the water supply is taken. At each side of this compartment is fitted a sluice valve, with an opening 2 feet 10½ inches by 1 foot 7½ inches, by which a communication can be established between the pump and the bilge when required. The pump-case is of cast-iron, secured to the box just described. On the case is fixed the main framing, carrying the crank shaft, at the lower end of which is secured the wheel. The blades and top and bottom plates of the wheel are made of boiler-plates about ¾ of an inch thick. The top plate is riveted to a cast iron centre-piece, provided with a strong boss, secured to the crank shaft.

Fig. 3 is a section of the vessel through amidships, which must be collated with fig. 1 and fig. 2, when the arrangement of the machinery will become intelligible. In fig. 4 is represented a section of the pump and case; and in fig. 5 a half plan of the wheel itself, one-half of which shows the blades and bottom plate, with a section of the boss. The top plate being removed, it will be readily seen that the blades are vertical at the periphery, and that the lower edge is gradually twisted from near the circumference toward the centre, in the direction of its motion. The wheel is 14 feet 4 inches in diameter at the bottom plate, and 14 feet in diameter at the top. The cast-iron centre-piece of the wheel is beveled at the outer edge, on which fits a circular collar of leather, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, provided with adjusting screws in the top of the casing. The boss in the centre passes through a stuffing-box. On the pump-case is fitted a framing, provided with a circular centre-piece, 1 foot 7½ inches deep and 8 feet 9 inches in diameter, from which radiate the three guides for the piston-rod caps. On the centre part of this frame is fixed the main frame, provided with two bearings for the crank-shaft similar to the ordinary thrust-bearings of a screw-propeller.

The hydraulic pipes are each of a rectangular form, with the angles taken off; the dimensions are 24 inches by 19½ inches, with each angle substituted by a curve 3½ inches radius. They extend alongside the vessel, both fore and aft, for a distance of about 8 feet on each side of the centre, and are protected by a shield of armor-plate.

THE TEMPLES OF CAMBODIA, SIAM.

—Mr. J. Thompson, an English traveler, made a journey last January to the ruined temples of Cambodia, in Siam, making plans and photographing them. The temple of Ongon consists of a range of buildings in form of a rectangle, measuring 1,100 by 1,080 yards, surrounded by a ditch 250 yards wide. It appeared to have been a work of generations, yet, from its perfect symmetry, the product of a single genius. The pillars of the temple rise tier above tier, terminating in a great tower. The galleries have sculptured stone roofs, the stair-cases, colonnades and corridors are also of sculptured stone, and the courts paved. The ancient city is north of the temple, and exhibits more grotesque sculptures. The bas-reliefs here are of great extent, and represent figures of warriors, elephants, horses and chariots. The inscriptions on the buildings are in three classes; the earlier cannot be read. The Cambodian priests read the latter ones, which, however, have no reference to the origin of the city; nor have the present inhabitants any tradition of its origin or of the people who built it. The stones of which the ruins are built are said, by the traveler, to have been brought from the mountains forty miles distant.

NO LESS than 47,448 children were registered in England, in 1864, as born out of wedlock. Even this number does not represent the actual state of things. Owing to a defect in the English Registration act, which does not make the registration of births compulsory, many cases are never recorded. Doctor Lankester has stated it as his deliberate judgment that 16,000 women are living in London whose infant children have been murdered by their hands.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FASHIONABLE paper says the female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies and pendulous wreaths which hang under the chin.

A TRAVELER, perceiving two crows flying side by side, said: "Ay, that is just as it should be; I hate to see one crow over another."

"MAST-HEAD, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer.

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir."

"What light?"

"Daylight, sir."

GETTING RID OF TWO ALES [ALES] AT ONCE.

A student in one of our State colleges was charged by the faculty with having had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Well, the fact is, sir, my physician allowed me to try a little ale each day, as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where this beverage is retained, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from it?"

"Ah! yes, sir; when the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

AN Illinois bruiser, in describing a gale of wind, said that a white dog, while attempting to breast the storm, was caught with his mouth wide open, and turned completely inside out.

A BURGLAR was once frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who, putting her night-capped head out of the window, exclaimed:

"Go way; ain't you ashamed."

A YOUNG man, do you believe in a future state?"

"In course I do; and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

"Go too?"

"Go me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your age would give such advice to a man just starting in life."

WHAT a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock, but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key.

A SENTIMENTAL young man thus feelingly expresses himself:

"Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pines."

It is related that the clerk of a rural church in England recently made the following announcement to the congregation:

"You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry, at four o'clock, to consider on the means of 'eating, the church and digest other matters."

SLANDERS issuing from beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

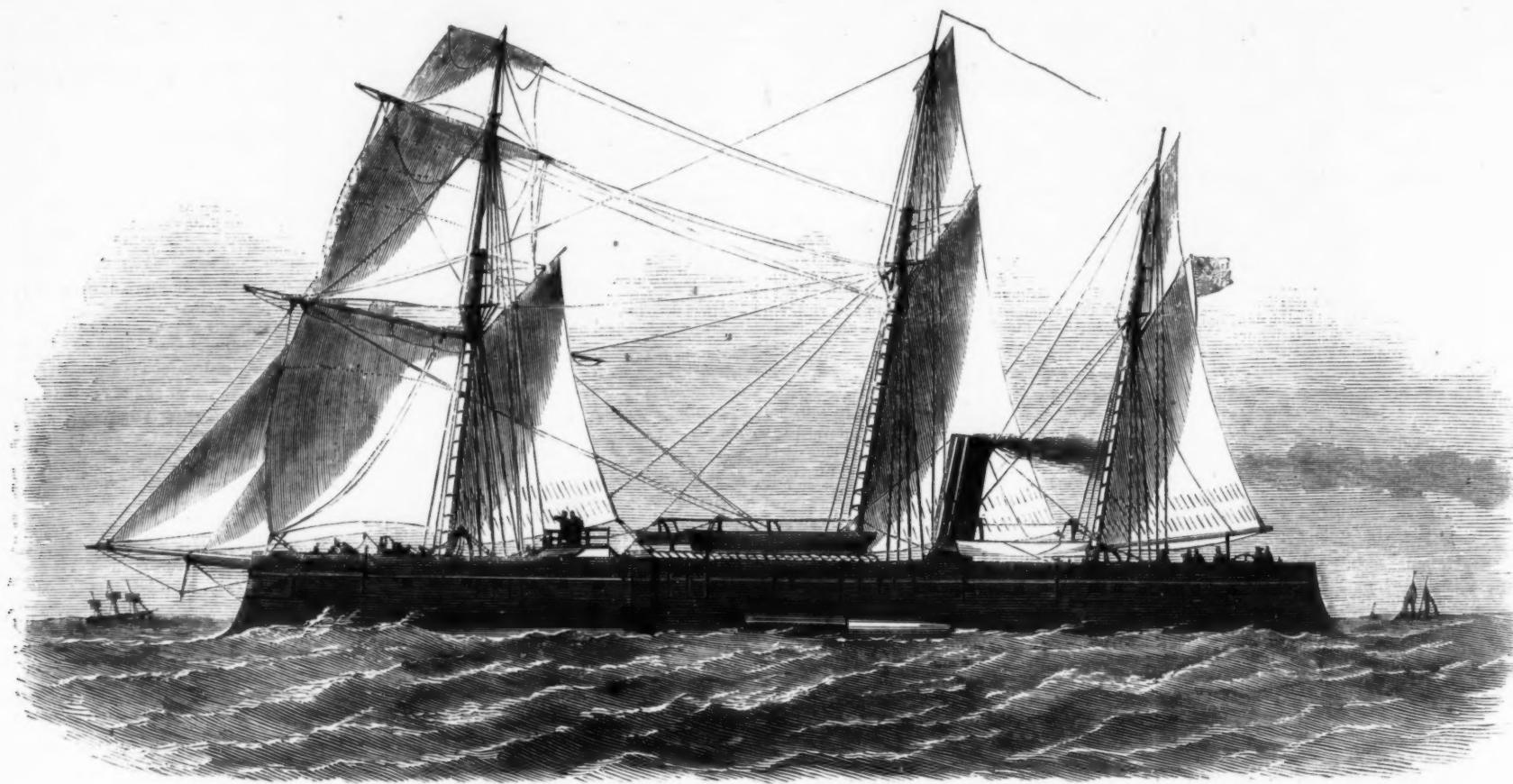
HOW DID you get rid of that troublesome lover of yours, Carrie?"

"I married him and haven't been troubled with his attentions since."

A GERMAN usurer, who took nine per cent. interest instead of six, the legal rate, was asked by his employer what he thought of what God would say to his extortion.

"Oh, yes; but when God looks down from heaven nine, reversed, will look like a six."

A YOUNG gentleman of the city, describing affairs in the country, wrote that "the cows act very badly about being milked; sometimes, when you are almost through, they will kick the milk all over you, and you have to



THE ENGLISH IRONCLAD GUNBOAT WATERWITCH, WITH THE NEW HYDRAULIC PROPELLER.

**CURNING OF THE FERRY-BOAT
IDAHO, IN THE EAST RIVER.**

We publish in the present number of our paper some pictures illustrating the recent destruction of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, the Idaho, which took fire at 11:30 minutes past seven, on the evening of Monday, as it was leaving the slip foot of South Seventh street, from some cause at present unknown, and the most fearful excitement immediately pervaded the crew and passengers on board, and with good reason, as the fire spread with fearful rapidity.

Fortunately there were only about thirty passengers on board at the time, or the loss of life would doubtless have been fearful. As it was, those on board were rescued with great difficulty.

The ferry-boat Canada, of the Division avenue and

Grand street line, belonging to the same company, was luckily approaching the dock when the fire broke out on board the Idaho, and her pilot promptly ran her alongside the burning boat and took off her passengers. This was done amid the utmost excitement and danger. Indeed, the flames spread so rapidly on board the Idaho that the officers of the Canada were apprehensive of being engulfed in them, and drew off, leaving several persons to their fate.

Those left on the burning boat were Michael Cormick, of 96 Fourth street; Mrs. Mary Wood, of 49 Bedford street, New York; James O'Neil, engineer, and James Kelly, deck hand. Engineer O'Neil, seeing no possibility of saving the boat, gathering those on board about him, stated succinctly the situation, and pointed out the only means of safety, which was by jumping into the river, with the possibility of being rescued by several boats then in the vicinity. O'Neil's heroism on this occasion deserves immortality. In his efforts to save life he was

severely burned about the face and hands. By his herculean and noble efforts those who committed their lives to his care in the treacherous waters of the East River were saved and brought safely on shore.

After the burning boat was abandoned she drifted up the river toward Greenpoint, and was followed by other boats belonging to the company, they keeping constant streams of water upon her burning hull. Victory steam engine No. 13 did good service on board one of the boats; but all efforts proved unavailing to extinguish the flames, and the Idaho drifted to Greenpoint, burned to the water's edge and sunk. Her value was about \$60,000, and it is said that there was no insurance upon her.

Mr. O'Neil informs us that so rapid was the progress of the flames, that it was impossible to reach either the life-preservers or to get out the life-boat. He, therefore, took the female passenger in his arms, and sprang with her into the water. She, however, clutched him so tightly that, but for the assistance of Kelly, the deck

hand, who was also in the water, and who assisted him in supporting her, both would have been drowned. While in this fearful position, a small yawl came to their assistance, but the persons in it would not allow them to get in, as it would have upset the yawl, and destroyed even their chance of escape. O'Neil, Kelly and their passenger, therefore, were towed along, till further assistance came, in the shape of a canal-boat. Great praise is due to O'Neil for his noble conduct, and as an encouragement, we present his portrait to our readers.

While we are on this point, we must call the attention of the proper authorities to the crowded condition of the Hoboken ferry-boats. Some day the public will be startled by a catastrophe on that ferry that will exceed all past accidents.

The Superintendent of the Brooklyn Ferry Company has ordered the life-preservers now to be placed in a more accessible part of the boat. He says that such is the gratuitous mischief of some people, that, when the life-preservers are exposed without proper guard, they are either stolen or mutilated.

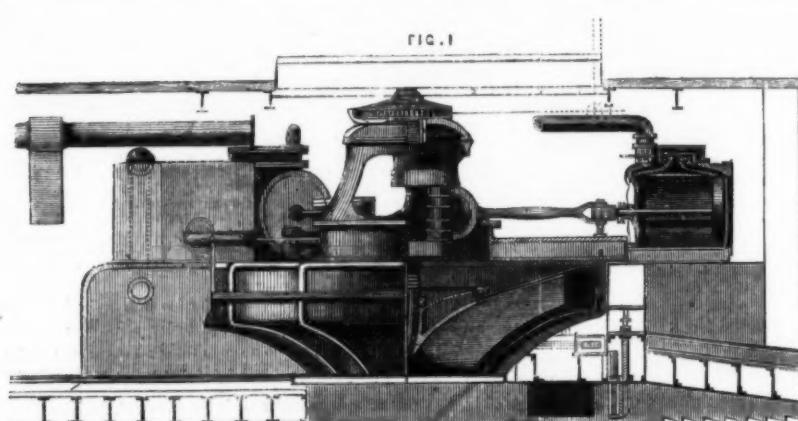


FIG. 3

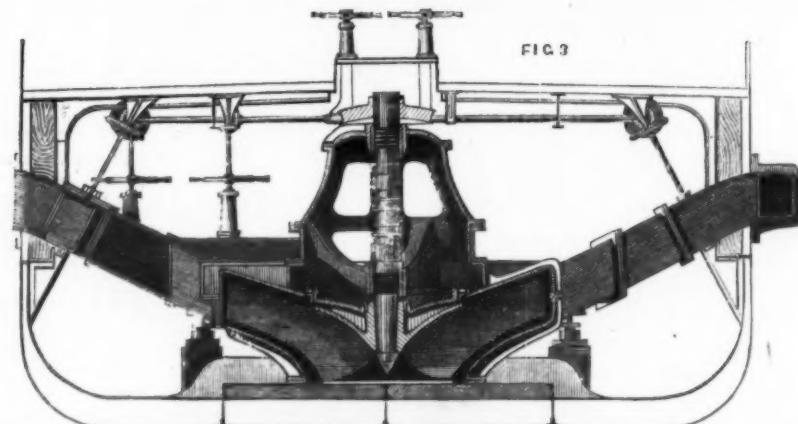


FIG. 4

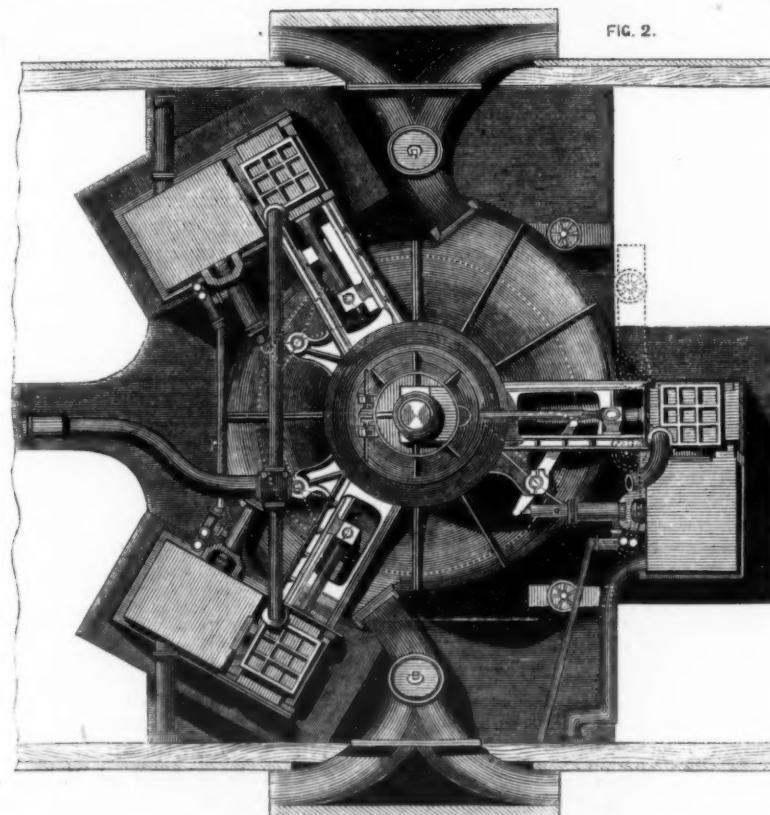
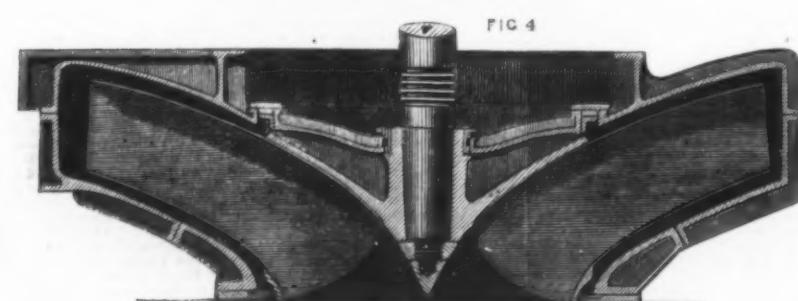
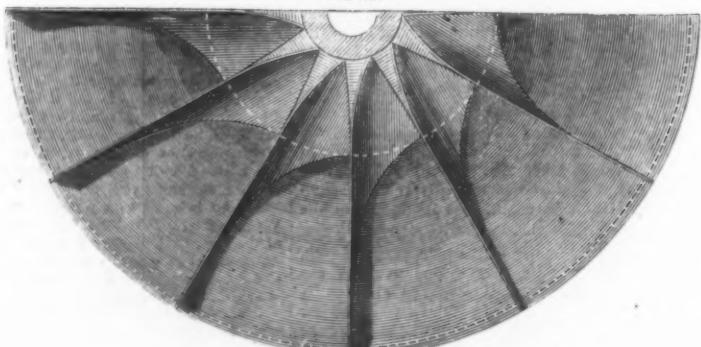
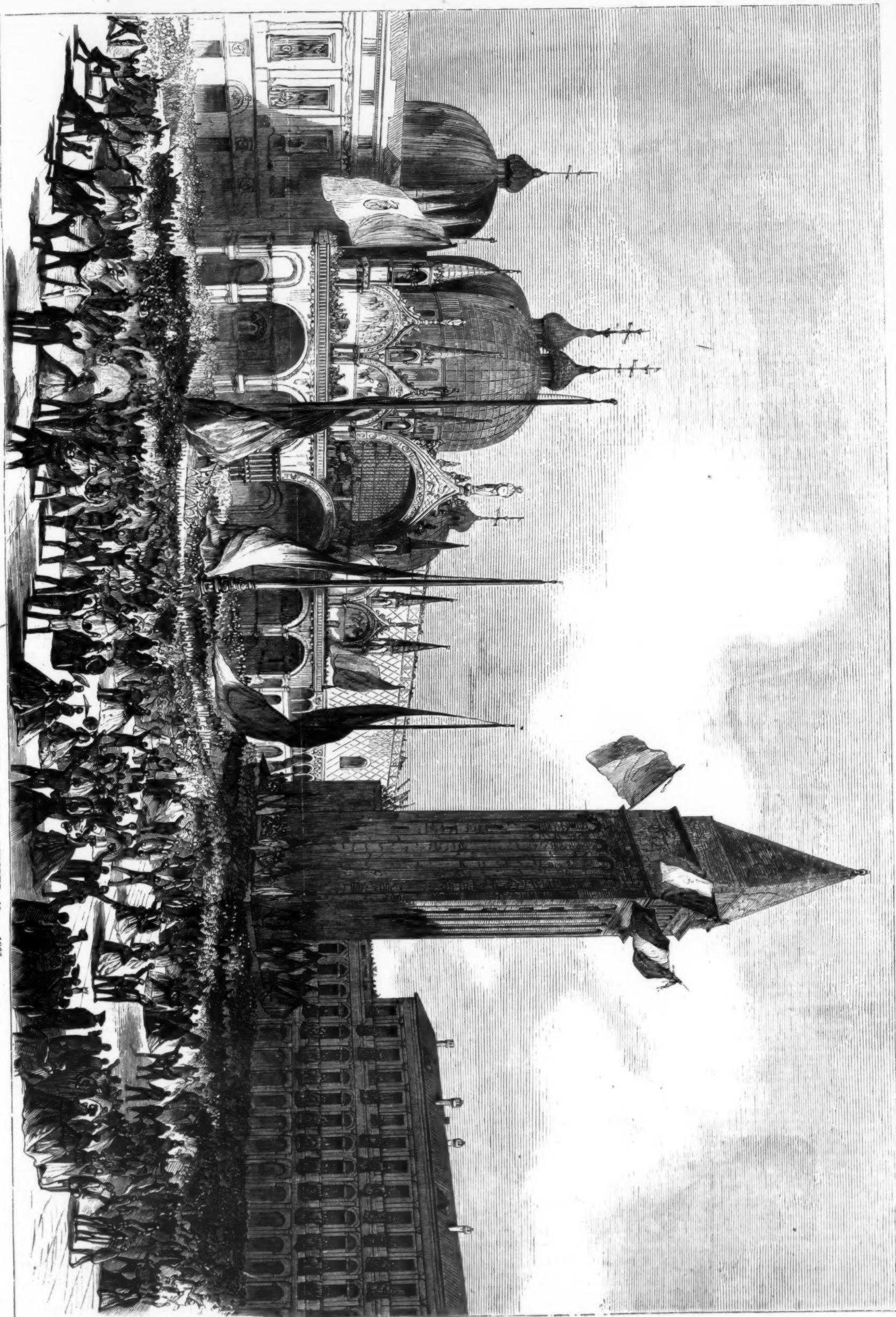


FIG. 5.



MACHINERY OF THE HYDRAULIC PROPELLER OF THE ENGLISH GUNBOAT WATERWITCH.—SEE PAGE 199.



HOISTING THE ITALIAN FLAG IN THE SQUARE OF ST. MARK, VENICE, OCTOBER 19th, 1866.

ALICE.

In her golden chamber,
Golden with the sun,
Where the roses clamber
Breathless, one by one;
(O'er her casement creeping,
With their lavish grace;
Through her lattice peeping
At her happy face;)

Sitteth fairest Alice,
Reading calmly there—
Roses! bear no malice,
Ye are not so fair.

Bending o'er her missal,
Alice sitteth there—
Shamrock, rose and thistle,
Carved in jewels rare.

Clasp'd the velvet cover,
With a rare device;
Scrolls are blazon'd over
Gold and azure dyes.

Argent Angels flying,
Peacock's eyes and wings—
Martyrs bravely dying,
Quaint and lovely things!

Rubies red and glowing,
Pearls and emerald sheaves—
Sapphire rivers flowing,
Glitter through the leaves.

I, a page, a servant,
Alice, as a queen,
At my love so fervent,
Smiles, with pride serene.

All my love, my passion—
All myself I give;
True to ancient fashion,
Loving while I live.

Claiming naught from Alice,
Knowing love is vain:
Wine pour'd from a chalice
Flows not back again.

True love is a treasure,
Sacred and divine,
Without stint or measure,
Cast upon a shrine.

Alice is an altar,
Flaming with my love!
Where my prayers I falter
As to heaven above.

Kneeling low before her,
Every pulse and breath
Asks but to adore her,
Faithful unto death!

LADY INEZ;
OR, THE
PASSION FLOWER.
AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONQUERED.

If the reader is an observant man or woman, he or she will have remarked that when a naturally tender-hearted man exercises himself in cruelty, he is frequently more cruel than one who is habitually so.

So with a woman who is good, gentle and loving. When her goodness has been trampled upon, her gentleness abused, her love outraged, it happens that her revenge will be terrible.

Minahaha's nature was necessarily of a most extraordinary character. Born of a line of savages, and reared as a savage, she had imbibed—how, remained ever a secret—a knowledge of all that was tender, eager, and loving in the Christian faith, and the knowledge had brightened her life.

Possibly all women, whatever their faith, are Christians at heart, because Christianity, when all is said and done, simply means "love"—good, sacrificial love.

But the savage was still in her heart, and, like the viper beneath the rose-tree, would show if she was struck.

The almost magic influence obtained over her by the mysterious man calling himself Don Alvarez di Cernos was really due to his use of the tenderness of Christianity. The Indian girl having love in her heart, she learned Christianity to harmonize herself with it.

She became simply devoted to the loving faith, and naturally to him who had inducted her into the new life—Don Alvarez.

And here the question may naturally be asked: "How comes it that this man, apparently cruel, remorseless, one of the worst of criminals—an intellectual one—how happened it that such a man should have spent time in enlarging the mind of a poor Indian?" The reply may take this shape—"There are some infamous natures of so complex a sort, that actually bad themselves, they will do good as a kind of amusement."

This man, Alvarez, was remorseless, utterly selfish, but his influence over the Indian girl had evidently, so far, been utterly good.

Of course it was natural that, should he find it necessary, he would turn her to account—make of her a tool.

And when the time came he achieved this purpose.

What was the nature of her defiance when she looked defiantly at the man to whom she owed her faith and whom she loved, was never known.

The probability is that, missing the Lady Pas-

sion-Flower, she associated her disappearance with the poisonous serpent, and in a wild, mad shape of reasoning, came defiantly to threaten him.

As Alvarez uttered the word "treason," and moved toward her, there was something of the panther in her gesture.

Suddenly her hand plucked at her dress, and then a keen dirk was pointed at his breast.

He fell back then, not because he feared, for the man had no power of fear, but in amazement at the utter destruction of the power he had held over her.

"Minahaha."

"Where is the lady?"

"I tell you I know not."

"And yet you have ever watched her every foot-step. How is it that he who followed as her shadow knows not where she is, now that she is no more seen?"

"She is her own mistress, and she has gone whither she willeth."

"No, you have hidden her, either above or below the cold earth."

"And what matters it, Minahaha, if the lady be dead?"

"Was she not Minahaha's sister?"

"Yes, as the world goes; but not in truth her sister?"

"Twas you taught Minahaha that all women were sisters. It was you taught her the words of the Great Spirit, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

He flinched, and he said, in a low voice:

"I am turned against my very self."

"Where is the lady?"

"I repeat, my poor Minahaha, I do not know."

"Then Minahaha will go out into the town and kneel in the market-place, and cry out her wickedness to all men, and she will bring the city to your wicked door."

"Great heaven!" he said, loudly, for a savage had done what never civilized man had accomplished—threw him off his guard.

"Where is the lady?"

He made no reply.

"I go."

And turning, with a patient penitence displayed in every feature, she moved toward the door.

A moment, and he held that knife in his grasp which is always ready to the Spanish hand, and rends it ugly.

He could have killed her in a moment; but he was a man who could manœuvre well.

Casting his hand to his forehead, after the manner of all profound thinkers, when they are exercising their intellect, he cast about for a means of overpowering her.

A moment, and he was victorious. It was as though her turning away had completely relieved him of his inability to plot against her.

"Minahaha."

When she turned he held another and surer weapon than the knife—a cross.

She was conquered in a mere moment. Down she fell almost upon her face.

He smiled, for then he knew that she was still his slave. He had, like many another, turned heaven to his own advantage.

"The lady!" she cried, "the dear lady! Has she gone to sit before the face of the Great Spirit?"

"She is living and happy."

The poor creature crossed her hands humbly and wept.

She was once more totally in the man's power.

"Why came you here, Minahaha?"

"She feared that you had been cruel to the lady. Minahaha knows better now, and if you will let her she will kiss your feet."

"When came you from the tribe?"

"This day, master."

"What is happening there?"

"Two Spaniards are with the chief. She answered as a little child, keeping her eyes upon the little crucifix, and yielding totally.

"Who are they?"

"Minahaha knows not. She heard the chief call one of them Don Gracioso."

"Gracioso?"

"So thinks Minahaha."

"Strange!"

This he said to himself. He added aloud:

"What do they there?"

"The tribe has been eager and happy. The Spaniards brought wonderful works with them, and the hillside was shattered, and we saw silver."

"Who was the other man? Did you mark what he was called, my Minahaha?"

"No; but he was like the other."

"Merciful powers!" he cried to himself; "both—then danger indeed is at hand."

For a few moments he was lost in thought.

Suddenly—and the rapidity was horrible—sudden his face cleared.

"Minahaha, you still love him who taught you how to love?"

"Yes, master."

And again her eyes were upon the object he upheld.

"Then answer me truly. In your camp is there not an Indian youth who loves you?"

"Eagle-heart," she said, in a modest tone.

"He is a mighty hunter, is he not?"

She turned pale as she replied:

"His heart is iron and his eye without pity. Many scalps hang at his waist, and those upon whom he looks angrily fly from his sight."

By this time the Spaniard's face cleared wonderfully.

"Safe," he said.

An hour after, when his valet, after tapping at the door, entered, he was surprised to find the room empty.

Almost an hour before the good people of Mexico saw the aging Indian, sometimes remarked in the town, and always alone—saw him moving toward the south of the city, accompanied by a very beautiful Indian girl, who as she walked along kept her eyes modestly fixed upon the ground.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE TEMPTATION.

Who, being wise and self-reliant can say, "No man can tempt me?"

He is but a vain boaster who would boast as much, and few of us are so vain as that.

It was sunset when Minahaha, accompanied by the aging Indian, whom it need not be said was Don Alvarez, entered the half civilized Indian camp, whose head-quarters were near the city of Mexico.

He was known at the encampment, known not to be an Indian, albeit he wore the Indian dress. And he was also respected, for he was adroit and learned, had done the tribe much good, and never injured it, for the simple reason that it had never stood in his way.

It was understood amongst the Indians before Alvarez had been in the camp five minutes that he was to pass as an Indian before the two Spanish señores, by whose aid the silver vein had been discovered.

The delicious joy consequent upon the discovery of the silver mine was still upon them in the shape of holiday-making, which took the form of much drinking and shouting, for, encamped in the borders of civilization, the Indians believed more in a mine of silver than the possession of all Indian accomplishments which lead to supremacy in an Indian encampment.

They were lying about, dancing about, climbing about, displaying in short, in a hundred ways, childish delight at their good fortune.

"Where is Eagle-heart?" asked Alvarez, softly, of an Indian who stood near him.

"Eagle-heart takes no part in our happiness," said the Indian reply: "he hides his pale face from the sun under the thickest leaves of the forest, and he loves to hear the waters weep with him in his sorrow."

"What ails Eagle-heart?"

"He loves Minahaha, whose heart is with the white people, and he is waiting for death, which will not come to him."

"Take me to him, for I know of cures for love, and would give him my hand."

About an hour after this conversation with the Indian, Don Alvarez was standing face to face with the Indian called Eagle-heart.

"What ails you, brother?" he said.

"Nothing ails Eagle-heart."

"And yet he wears his face very grave and pale?"

"I think of our enemies."

"No, you think of no enemy."

The Indian looked up angrily. He was the warrior of his tribe, and no man denied his word.

"Of whom do I think?"

"Of Minahaha."

The Indian flinched, but he soon recovered his repellent equanimity and continued:

"Let this be granted. What then?"

"She loves not Eagle-heart."

"It calls not for a wise man to learn that all the world knows Eagle-heart is alone."

"She may change."

"When the great sun changes," he said, smiling bitterly.

"I have the power to make her love Eagle-heart."

"No man has the power of the Great Spirit."

"Minahaha shall love you."

Hope came upon the Indian's face, but the despair did not vanish from his countenance.

"How?"

"What will you pay to gain her love?"

With the savage instinct of an Indian he raised the bundle of scalps from his waist.

"Eagle-heart would give these."

"And I will claim them," said Alvarez, "when she loves Eagle-heart."

The recognition of value in the scalps seized upon the comprehension of the savage and partially conquered it.

"But why should I believe you?" he said.

"You have no power that I have. You cannot hunt, neither can you bring down the bird from the air."

Alvarez nodded.

He had his gun with him, and he looked up.

At great good fortune a heron was flying low.

Now, as a rule, a heron's flight is very high, quite beyond gun-shot.

Therefore when, before the dreamy Indian was aware his companion was about to use his firearm, the explosion burst upon his ear and the bird fell dead at their feet, his amazement was almost a panic.

Not having seen the bird, naturally he supposed it had been flying at the usual height preferred by the heron.

He was almost conquered.

At the sound of the shot the Indians flocked to the spot to see the visitor on the ground holding the bird, while before him the Indian stood in blank amazement mixed with a threatening envy.

"Mark here," cried Alvarez, "mark here what our Eagle-heart hath achieved."

And he pointed to the bird.

The Indians and the several Spanish miners who had accompanied them broke out

the more he or she advance in life, that one cannot break one's self in to think of another's misfortunes until they are over. Nay, we cannot think of our own misfortunes for any length of time together, and we shall find that the best way in the world to forget them is to seek some recreation, some means of forgetting for a time the causes of our troubles, so that they may not overwhelm us—so that we may come back comparatively fresh to the work of trying to conquer them.

And if it is quite natural in us to adopt this means with ourselves in our own condition of trouble, surely we ought not to be condemned if, being troubled with our friend's woes, we try to shake them off for a while.

If we require such relief from our own troubles, we must, indeed, be angels if we determine not to look about for alleviation when our anxiety is caused by the condition of others.

Now, this tirade is by way of apology for the act committed by St. Asaph and Harrildson when once Cap'en Blayser had started on his mysterious voyage.

Though, indeed, we must admit to be deceivers to this extent that positively we would not have told of this visit to the opera (the secret is out now) had it not had a very considerable influence upon this history of life in Mexico.

As, on the contrary, the events of that night very completely altered the circumstances of those who take part in this narrative, the confession must be made that St. Asaph and Harrildson did go to the Mexican opera.

The reader may be disinclined to exculpate them for that act—may be quite unable to comprehend how they could go to the opera-house within thirty hours of the loss of their friend, and whose fate might have already been death. But had the reader in question gone through a long day's mental agitation, under such circumstances, and had he, when the evening was come, and after reiterated assurances on the part of the police that exertions were being made in all directions to achieve the aim he had in view, he would, under these circumstances (hearing music floating to his tired ears), go over to the opera-house for an hour's relaxation.

At all events, letting the reader's opinion alone on the point, this was what was done by Fairhœ's two very devoted friends, St. Asaph and Harrildson. At first they thought of following Cap'en Blayser. But, somehow, English gentlemen have a knack of abominating anything in the way of spudom; and, in the second place, they recalled that he was much older than they, had his head screwed on his shoulders with a tolerably good finish, and finally that, as an Englishman, he had a right to go where he liked without interference on the part of his fellow Englishmen in that foreign city.

So the cap'en started on his rather risky journey without interference on the part of his two friends, while the two yachtsmen crossed over to the opera-house.

Now, all the world knows that only in this remarkable free England of ours are we so exclusive that we must have a staircase for every part of our theatres, so that pit may not be contaminated by gallery, while boxes, in their turn, may not lose their senses with horror at finding themselves elbowing a groundling.

A broad, and almost everywhere abroad, this is different. One staircase in an opera-house is sufficient, and if a duchess meets a blouse on the staircase she does not faint.

Often you will see a market-woman, cleanly to look upon, seated near a duchess in a theatre balcony between the acts, both going back to their proper places again when the curtain rises, without any catastrophe having happened.

The reader will, therefore, comprehend that between the acts of the opera the two friends coming from their box, and walking in the corridors of the building, would be in company with various Mexicans and other visitors from all parts of the house.

In fact there was, as usual, plenty of social equality in the Mexican opera-house that evening.

Rapid as the flight of a bird was the mode by which St. Asaph was attracted to the lovely woman from whom his sight was not again to wander without reluctance on his part.

Suddenly a cry from above drew the instantaneous attention of many of the visitors to the direction whence the sound came.

It was a circumstance not uncommon. From an upper tier of boxes a large opera-glass was falling. Of course this accident and her act of foresight was the work of a moment. Happily the opera-glass, a very heavy one, had a strap to it, and it was by this that the "lovely Mexican" in the grand tier caught the missile as it was plunging into the pit.

A bright, brown little hand suddenly shot from the box, and caught the strap as it passed down before the box.

A simultaneous volley of bravos saluted the adroit act of the lady, an exquisitely beautiful woman. She was not at all dismayed, and, indeed, responded to the public applause by one or two quick little nods and waves of that fan which accompanies a Spanish lady wherever she goes.

St. Asaph was in that moment overwhelmed, for love sometimes comes like a flash of lightning. Somehow his heart appeared to leap within him, and, as he looked toward the lady, there was a sublime sense of rest and peace within him which quite surpassed all his understanding.

Never up to that moment did he comprehend what love really meant. He had seen fellows overthrown by the one great passion, and he had felt a half contempt for them, and half a contempt for himself in that he was not so human as they were.

And now, a moment and he was down, vanquished, overwhelmed, at the mercy of a woman whose name he did not know, whose character was quite unknown to him—who might be a wife, or a promised bride, or a mere enchantress of an hour.

This is love.

It comes and blows reason and thought, and calculation and common sense to the four winds of high heaven.

This is love, which scoffs at faiths and nationalities, which teaches equality more despotically than all the savage radicals in the world.

This is love, which comes beaming like sunlight, and like sunlight, it can kill, if we are too eager before it, even as basking in the fierce sun it may strike us down.

This is love that we argue about, and talk of, and scoff at sometimes, and ridicule more frequently; which, sometimes, we are afraid of, and which many of us die without knowing of. Poor wretches that we are!

This is love, meaning pity and sorrow, tenderness and implacability, life and death, adoration and hate, wisdom and folly.

To love or not to love, this is the second question.

So, St. Asaph, looking across a foreign opera-house, and marking a beautiful woman catch an opera-glass—lo, he is in love, and for him the time of torment, of eager sorrow and excessive joy, of brightness and of fog, of hope and despair mingled, has arrived, and his stupid logic, and rationalism and Englishism is all blown to the winds, and the world of existence is centred in one dark, beautiful woman, framed in by the edge of an opera-box.

And as the earnest and the grotesque and common-place always go hand in hand in this world, the reader must know that by an absurd scene, which has nothing to do with the plot of this history, the eager love the yachtsman had suddenly conceived for the unknown was extremely enhanced.

Here is the accident which led to his opportunity for speaking to the beautiful, dark-eyed unknown :

There are young Englishmen, or rather boys, all the world over, who take advantage of the national supremacy in every port, by making the greatest possible fools of themselves. This always has been, and those who are wise in such matters maintain that this sort of thing will continue.

On the night in question when St. Asaph yielded at discretion to the great conqueror—the one inevitable conqueror, Death, for a moment passed by, for he is the superb victor—on the night in question the opera-house in Mexico was tormented by a bevy of those young English lads who get up more troublesome excitement in five minutes than the police can allay in as many hours.

These youngsters, four in number, were naval cadets up at Mexico for a run, and who had made a bet amongst each other that one of them would not take a cauliflower to the opera-house, daubed with color to make it appear like a bouquet, and fling it upon the stage when the prima donna was called before the curtain.

The bet had been taken upon this one condition

—that the other party to the bet should be bricky enough to go to the front of the box after the donation of the vegetable, and pulling out a long telescope, take an observation of the cauliflower in the most approved nautical manner.

Now, as the British young naval officer is known to be the most dare-devil and tearing young vagabond under the sun, the Eton boy not even excepted, these arrangements were carried out, and very effective they were, as far as they went, only the prima donna not being learned in telescopes, and so far not aware that the colored cauliflower was no bouquet, took the telescope for a rifle, surmised assassination, and fainted dead away upon the stage before the whole audience.

The terror of the audience, followed by their anger, was excessive, and finally the four young middies found themselves in custody upon the entire business.

It was then that the unknown lady again came by action, and even by very word of mouth, before the notice of St. Asaph.

Harrildson seeing the fix in which the young middies had placed themselves, immediately suggested rushing to the rescue, and doing his best for his young fellow countrymen.

And then it was that the charming lady again betrayed her clear-hearted goodness.

The young middies were being removed by the police, and after some resistance, being overcome, were marching, under word of honor not to escape, through the saloon, when the lady, who had been seated in a quiet corner of the place, started up, and made her way to an elderly man, who was apparently leading the procession.

"Señor," cried she.

"Ha!" he returned, "you are the charming lady who saved my life by catching the opera-glass as it descended."

The speaker was a gentleman who was in such a position in the pit that he must have received the opera-glass upon his head had its course not been arrested.

"I was about proceeding to your box," he said, as he held his hat, "when the disgraceful act committed by these Englishmen called away my attention."

The lady looked toward the young middies, who, by this time, appeared sufficiently to comprehend their position, especially the owner of the telescope, who appeared to regard that machine with any other than feelings of delight.

"Poor, dear young fellows," said the lady, smiling; "how abashed they look."

"Señora," said the leader of the party who had taken possession of the English lad, "at the present moment the prima donna is in fits, and I believe I shall have to announce that somebody else must finish her part."

"Poor, dear young fellows," said the lady, smiling; "how abashed they look."

"Then I command you to let the young Englishmen go. They are but boys, and they only meant to create a laugh. They had no idea your prima

donna did not know a telescope from a rifle barrel."

"But—"

"I command, señor; I have you in my power. You owe it to me that you are in a condition which enables you to give these young gentlemen in charge, and this is the payment I require for my good offices."

By this time those in the saloon had crowded about the group, and her words were received with great applause.

The manager saw himself at a great disadvantage, and like a wise man, gave way.

"Gentlemen," says he, with a flourish of his hat, "you are free."

The expression on the faces of the young Englishmen changed very distinctly and for the better.

Very handsomely they capped to their counsel, and thereupon the impulsive Mexicans about gave a second salvo of low, sweet bravos.

And then, as Mexicans can no more exist without change than a lady without gloves, the group soon broke up, the English middies taking a hurried departure, and the Mexicans drifting back to their boxes or the tables dotting the saloon.

As for the lady who had engaged St. Asaph's serious attention, she sat down near a table and began fanning herself, patiently waiting for the gentleman who accompanied her, and who was at this moment drinking and smoking at a table behind the lady's chair. He was an honest-looking man enough, but not one you would expect to meet in an elegant drawing-room.

St. Asaph, leaving Harrildson to stroll back to their box, now approached the señora, and taking off his sombrero he spoke to her in the Spanish language.

She looked up.

"I am a Spaniard," she said; "but I speak English thoroughly, as I should."

"I am more honored than before."

"Yes, Señor Englishman, you may sit down; I shall not be compromised talking with a stranger, for we are not in England. And, again, my jealous, dear old uncle, my guardian, and an old sailor, is behind me, and I am quite sure he has his eyes upon us both."

"I am then the more emboldened to speak. I am so glad you speak English."

"Oh, yes, I was for many years at school in England, near Bristol, at the seminary within which the present Empress of the French was educated. Of course I was there after her time, but I remember her, as a very little girl can remember, as a tall, pleasant lady."

"How very charming,"—he had found a seat by this time—"but it seems to me it was very cruel to place you away in a foreign land to school."

"I had no father and no mother; my only relation was the sea-captain, who I am quite sure is watching us with jealous eyes. He could not take a girl of six to sea with him; and so he was forced compelled to leave me behind, somewhere, and he chose England, because, said he, people there were honest. I think he was right."

St. Asaph bowed.

"I venture to address you," he said, "to thank you in the name of all Englishmen, for the great kindness you showed in rescuing those youngsters from the police. English middies, or cadets rather, are, I know, very troublesome, but there is very little real harm in them."

"I am sure there is not."

"And having thanked you, I trust I am not expected to rise and take my leave?"

"No; I am fond of exercising what English I may know. Have you been long in Mexico?"

The señora spoke without any affectation of modesty, or by any indirect way of intimating that she was quite overstepping the bounds of propriety in thus chattering with the Englishman.

Accustomed to control her guardian in her charming way, she found herself quite at her ease with the Englishman, and in a very few moments. Had she been speaking Spanish, her reserve would have been excessive.

And again, she had another excuse in the watchful old dog of an uncle behind, smoking cigarettes, and wondering what the English milord meant by his behavior.

"Have you been long in Mexico?"

"No."

"But long enough to find you can suffer here. Oh, I saw the change in the expression of your face."

"Yes, my companions and myself have suffered very much since we have been here. Indeed, the last few minutes are the only happy ones I have passed in the city."

She bowed; she could not pretend that she had overlooked the compliment.

"And what is the nature of your sorrows, Sir Englishman?—and you must pardon me talking like a school-mistress. I have not only my own way with my uncle but with everybody about me; and I think I must have some common sense, because, though I always have my own way, people always appear to be satisfied with me—come, pray tell me all; tell me every bit of the history."

He obeyed, as though he had known her for years, for it is one of the peculiar properties of love that it begets utter confidence.

In a moment she was interested, but she did not interrupt him once throughout the narration of the entire history. Sometimes she started, once or twice a sigh escaped her—once her little right hand became a fist, and several times she trembled visibly.

As he concluded she looked up rapidly.

"Is that all?"

"All."

"Uncle Gomez! Uncle Gomez!"

Then she said, turning rapidly round upon her seat.

"Ay, ay, Dolores," he replied, coming round the table at once; "I said she will remember me at last, and I was right."

"Uncle Gomez, here is your old enemy, Alvarez,

at work again. I am sure it is he, from what I have heard you tell and what I now hear."

"Alvarez! He will never die by the knife. But how know you the señor stranger (here courteously bowed) has spoken of that demon?"

With a rapidity and clear-thoughtedness which completely overpowered the Englishman the young Spanish lady recapitulated and condensed all the particulars she had gathered from St. Asaph.

"If not Alvarez," said Señor Gomez, "his twir brother, or the demon himself. Well, niece?"

"Of course we must help the Englishman."

The rough old Gomez turned to St. Asaph, and again saluted him cordially. There was more promise in the action than could have been got out of a dictionary of words.

"I assure you, Captain Gomez," said St. Asaph,

"we can find no clue to our friend."

"Know you not why?"

"No."

"Ask her."

And he pointed to his niece.

St. Asaph bowed and smiled as he questioned "her" with a look.

"I can tell you completely, señor. There is no woman helping you to plot against plot. Our clear, quick minds are cleverer than yours at scheming. Yes, I know what you would say—'Will you help us?' Yes, I'm very fond of adventure, and have nothing to do. Uncle Gomez, give the gentleman your hand, and promise him on our word we will help him. It will be quite an employment for you—you are getting quite lazy. Now, then, sir—uncle—promise—promise—promise."

With many a queer face, every one of them being loyal, the Mexican said :

"Sir Englishman, I and my niece promise, on our words, to help you to the death."

As he said the last word his face was wonderfully earnest.

"And now come back to our box, uncle. Sir Englishman, wait until the end of the opera; I shall not hear the music; I am about to put on my considering cap. I think my wits will match those of Alvarez."

When the opera had



IN MISCHIEF.

IN MISCHIEF—OUT OF MISCHIEF.

AMONG the most promising artists of England is Miss Farmer, whose pictures have lately attracted considerable attention in the artistic world. She has done this by selecting humble life, principally child life, and her truthfulness and precision of handling are very remarkable. The two pictures we have transferred to our columns are admirable specimens of her genius and cannot fail to win all by their simple and direct appeal to the heart. Who can fail to smile at the innocent wickedness, if we may use such a term, which rolls

out of her eyes as she stands behind the door, ready for any fun that may turn up? And equally amusing is the playful satire upon the female sex, old and young, that they were only out of mischief when they were fast asleep, but even then they may be dreaming mischief. There is an old sign in some town in Massachusetts, called "The Only Good Woman," the point of which consists in the picture being without a head. But while we ask our readers to admire the pleasant pictures before us, we at the same time leave Miss Farmer to make her peace with her own sex.



OUT OF MISCHIEF.

BHOUTAN (INDIA) SOLDIERS.

ONE of the latest difficulties of the British with their Oriental colonists or dependents, took place in Bhoutan, Upper Bengal, and the native population there were found very warlike and formidable, though of course eventually succumbing to civilized arms and skill. Of two of the Bhoutan soldiers we supply an illustration—certainly warlike-looking figures and by no means deficient in the picturesque, whatever may be their fighting capacity as against revolvers, Sheffield cutlery and breech-loaders.

On the stage, protected from the hot sun by a covering of branches, day after day, from the rising of the sun to its setting, supplied with food by his family, and almost unceasingly occupied in shaking the cords, he sits like a huge spider in the centre of its web until the maize has ripened to maturity.

Yet, notwithstanding all his precautions, he has frequently to lament the poorness of the harvest,

LEG-BONE OF THE NEW ZEALAND "DINORNIS."

ONE of the most marked curiosities at a late industrial exhibition at Dunedin, Otago, was a collection of the bones of the Dinornis, or gigantic bird of that country—nearly large enough to throw Sinbad's story of the "Roc" into shade. We supply an illustration, this week, of the leg-bones of one of the birds, the length being sufficiently indicated in the height of the man holding them. The group consists of the leg-bones, namely: the femur, tibia, metatarsus and outer toe. They were found at Glenmark, about forty miles north of Christ Church in the Canterbury province of New Zealand. Major Michael says: "Dr. Hector, the eminent explorer of New Zealand, who has charge of the Museum at Dunedin, in Otago, showed me some Moa bones of far inferior size, and he has reluctantly come to the conclusion that the bird is extinct in New Zealand; but that it has only recently died out is clear from the freshness of the remains which are found. In one instance a head was found with the lower mandible adhering to the upper." The following are the dimensions of the bones brought to Madras by Major Michael:

Length.	Max'm circum-	Min'm circum-
Femur....1 ft. 6 in.	circumference at joint.	ference.
Tibia.....3 ft. 3 in.	1 ft. 8½ in.	9 in.
Metatarsus 1 ft. 8 in.	1 ft. 9 in.	8½ in.
Toe.....0 ft. 9¾ in.	1 ft. 2½ in.	7¾ in.

Supposing the formation of the bird to be something like that of the ostrich, these dimensions would indicate that it must have been twelve to fifteen feet in height when standing or running.



LEG OF THE DINORNIS, OR, GIGANTIC BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND.

so persistent in attack and fearless of consequences are his pests.

BURNING OF THE GIRAFFES IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park, London.

EVERY American who visits London makes a point of seeing certain sights in that great metropolis. Westminster Abbey, the Tower, St. Paul's, Sydenham Crystal Palace, and the Zoological Gardens, are the most prominent points of attraction. Those who have visited the latter will, no doubt, remember the giraffes which always had a crowd of curiosity-lovers around them. Their strange structure and their harmlessness made them favorites.

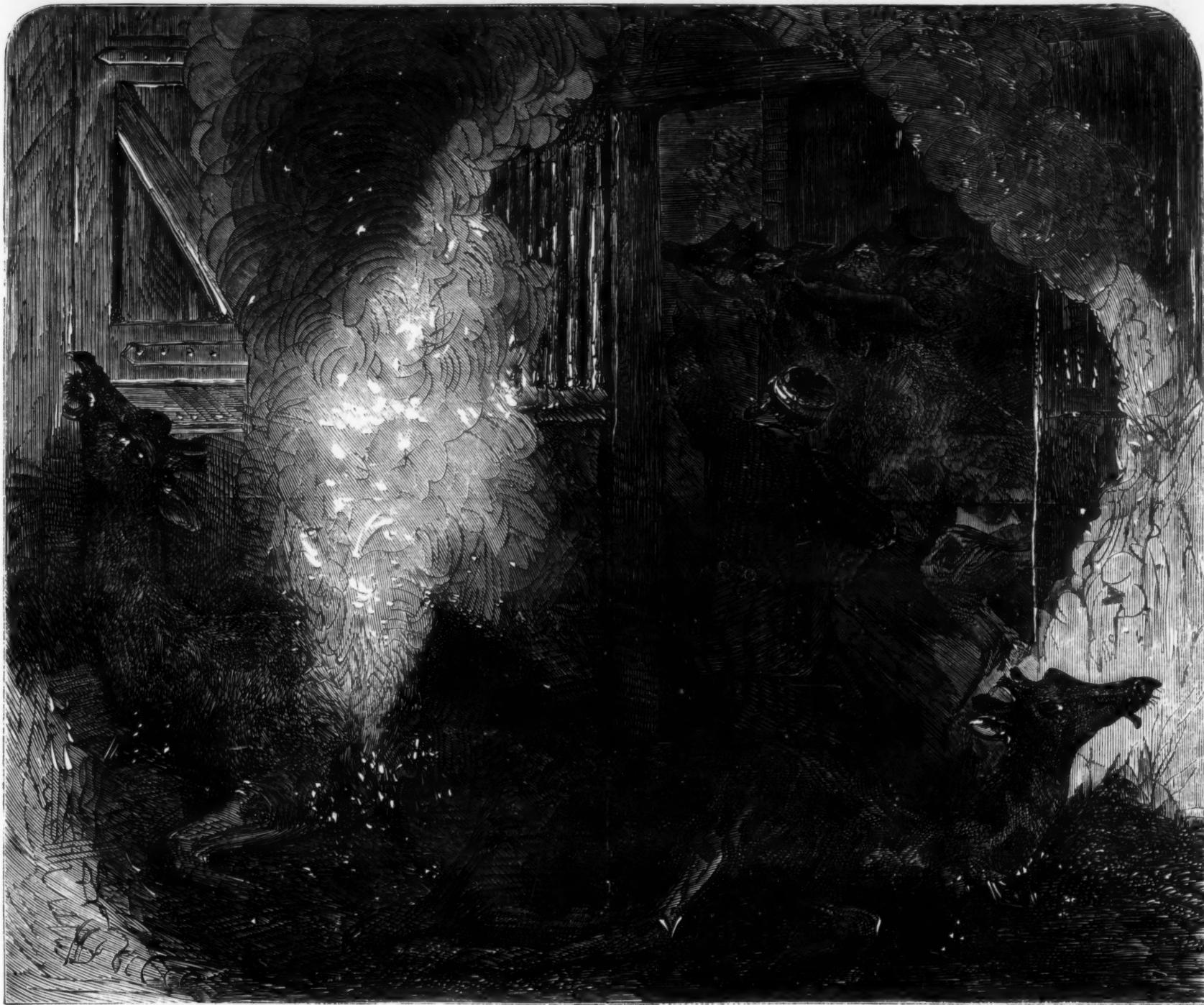
Our readers will be sorry to learn that they have met with a strange and melancholy end by a death which of all others would seem to be the most improbable to reach them.



ARMED VILLAGER AND REGULAR SOLDIER OF BHOUTAN.

NUBIAN METHOD OF PROTECTING CROPS.

BIRDS in Nubia are the scourge of the husbandmen, destroying, unless incessant efforts are made to prevent them, whole harvests. Our illustration gives a good idea of the method adopted by the inhabitants of the valley of the beautiful Nile to protect their crops against the audacious enterprise of their feathered plagues. That method, although not always successful, is not without ingenuity. In the centre of his field of maize the Nubian agriculturist drives a couple of stout stakes, sufficiently strong to support a stage, lashed to each about midway from the ground. From the top of these slender cords are stretched to other stakes, erected, a few yards apart, all round the crop he designs to save from attack and destruction; and on the cords are fastened shells, bits of iron and many-colored rags.



THE GIRAFFES BURNED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

We give the particulars in the words of Mr. Frank Buckland, who was a spectator of the catastrophe:

"All friends of the Zoological Society will be much shocked to hear of the great loss the society has sustained by the death of two giraffes by fire. On Tuesday last, the 6th of November, at 7.20 p.m., two keepers, Smallpiece and Munday, ran to the office in the gardens, crying out, 'The giraffe-house is on fire!' Mr. Thompson and the other keepers were not long in arriving at the spot. Dr. Murie, the anatomical prosector of the society, happened to be in the office: he immediately ran with the keepers to the giraffe-house. He found it filled with a volume of smoke so dense that it was impossible to see anything. The two keepers, having arrived a minute or

not the doors of their stable been wisely thrown open and the animals turned into the yard immediately the fire was discovered. They were, when first discovered, breathing badly and stooping their heads, but otherwise they were not seriously affected. The larger one of the two has caught a bad cold, of which we trust, however, it will soon get better. The origin of the fire is a matter of mystery. It was confined to the eastward of the

three compartments of the giraffe-house. The straw, from some unknown cause, became lighted, and the flames must shortly have spread over the floor of the stable. It is supposed that a match must, in some way, have got mixed with the litter, and that one of the animals in walking about trod upon it and set it on fire. The walls are blistered about 6 ft. or 8 ft. high, and it is a mercy it did not extend further. By the kindness

of Dr. Murie I have been enabled to examine the two victims of this sad accident. It is very painful to see these two beautiful creatures, but lately in the highest health and vigor, now motionless and inanimate. The measurements of the giraffes are as follows: From nose to tip of tail, large animal, 12 ft.; small, 4 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; from top of head to hoof, large animal, 12 ft. 5 in.; small, 6 ft. 11 in.; length of mane, large animal, 5 ft. 2 in.; small, 2 ft. 1 in.

MANUFACTURERS OF LACQUER BONNETS.
SEE PAGE 206.

two before Dr. Murie, had opened the windows, which he most judiciously ordered to be immediately closed to prevent the draft. They then proceeded to throw water on the burning straw, and, on going into the stable, in the most plucky manner, along with Scott, the eland-keeper, trampled out the flames as well as they could. As the smoke cleared off a little, they found the two giraffes, mother and child, stretched on the ground motionless. They hauled them out as quickly as possible into the yard; but alas! found them pulseless and not breathing. They then re-entered the stable and quenched the fire. The other two giraffes would most probably have fallen victims to the fire had



NUBIAN METHOD OF PROTECTING CROPS FROM DESTRUCTIVE BIRDS.

JAPANESE LACQUER BONNET-MAKERS.

In industrial arts and manufactures the Japanese, on the whole, equal the Chinese, and in much excel them. Their silks and crepes are inferior, and of a width unsuitable to foreign use, being only a foot wide; linen and cotton cloth are coarse, but soft, and so cheap that foreign manufacturers could not compete with them; but it is in their lacquer work that they excel not only the Chinese but other peoples. The design is always good and the finish excellent. We give an illustration, wherein two Japanese workmen are depicted lacquering caps or bonnets, which is a phase of the art well paid and of some consideration in a pan.

A GREEK MAID, being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, a virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

SOLON ROBINSON'S NOVEL.—Solon Robinson, the veteran Agricultural Editor, has written a novel for the New York *Weekly Tribune*. The publication will commence on the fifth of December. See advertisement.

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A NEW NOVEL
BY SOLON ROBINSON,
THE VETERAN AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF
THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

A novel by Solon Robinson, long and well-known as the Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*, will be commenced in the *Weekly Tribune* of December 5th. It is called

ME-WON-I-TOO;

A Story of Western Life, Indian and Domestic.

Though not Mr. Robinson's first novel, we do not doubt that this will newly prove the worth of the pen that in so many chapters of successful writing for the farm and the fireside, and in behalf of the friendless poor of a crowded city has been entertaining and instructive.

A true Indian novel is among the rarities of latter-day fiction, and the pioneer life of the West, abounding, as it does, in rude and rich material for the work of the novelist, has found, of late, but few faithful delineators. It is not too much to say that few Americans have been so near to the American people in their homestead life and characters as settlers and pioneers, as the author of *Me-won-i-too*; few have traveled so far and observed so closely amid the varieties of the farmer's and pioneer's life, East and West; and no writer for the daily press has had a keener relish for, and lively sympathy with, the fresh and free out-door life which enters into the element of his novel. Mr. Robinson's writings have always been marked by a quaint and direct force; pictures, simple, but graphic, of things as they really are; practical and minute knowledge of the useful and the beautiful as they are brought together into everyday consciousness—these are some of the features of a style of word-painting with which the readers of this paper have been long familiar.

The new novel, which will be begun the first week in December, will continue during the Spring.

In addition to this, the *Weekly Tribune* will contain, as usual, features of entertainment, instruction and variety, surpassing those of any other journal published to benefit the home-life of the people, and justify the ever-increasing support which has made it the most widely circulated paper in America.

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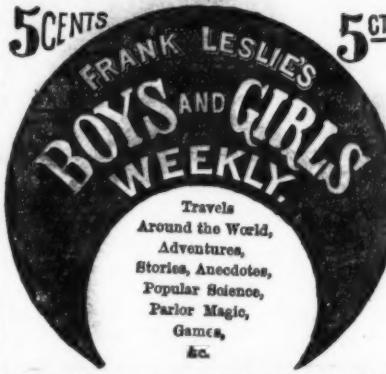
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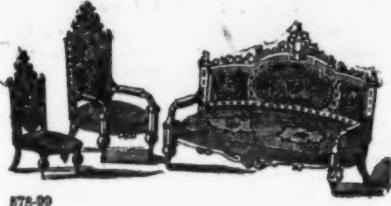
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